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Engl. Theat. vol. 46.

THE

Force of Friendſhip.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at

The QUEEN's THEATRE in the *HAY-MARKET.*

By Her MAJESTY's SERVANTS.

To which is Added,

A FARCE call'd

LOVE in a CHEST.

His Amor unus erat----
Tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum.

Virg.

Written by Mr. JOHNSON.

LONDON,
Printed for EGBERT SANGER at the *Poſt-Houſe* at the Middle *Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1710.
Where may be had all ſorts of New Books and Plays.

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TO

Her Grace the Dutchess

OF

SHREWSBURY.

MADAM,

POEMS of this Sort as they ought to be Representations of the most exalted Worth and the most shining Images in Human Life, so they seem to claim the Protection only of the truly Great and Virtuous, where indeed can expiring Tragedy hope for Countenance and Patronage but from those few, very few elegant Spirits who are pleas'd with the Distress

of a well wrought Scene, who with the utmoſt Indulgence to their Reaſon, behold the Conduct of our Paſſions on the Stage, and with a generous Sympathy feel alternate Joy and Pain, when Virtue either conquers, or is contending with adverſe Fate.

'Tis therefore, *Madam*, the Tragic Muſe throws herſelf at your Grace's Feet and implores your Aid; Your Illuſtrious Name alone is ſufficient to defend her from the Malice of her unthinking Adverſaries, tho' ſhe were Criminal what impious Hand wou'd dare to tear her from ſo illuſtrious, ſo noble a Sanctuary.

Honour, Love, Friendſhip, and Fidelity, the laſting Ornaments both of Your Perſon and Houſe, as they can receive no Addition from the Brighteſt, ought not to be paſs'd in Silence by the humbleſt Pen. The Poet only copies from the greateſt Examples of true Nobility his Perſons in the *Dramma*, his Tribute then of Praiſe is but a natural Return.

Now

Now the Muse has chosen Love and Friendship for her Theme, and shown 'em in the last Distress she was capable of Painting; but if we would behold the most flourishing and living Examples in real Life of the strictest Amity and the most tender Affection, we must turn our Eyes on Your Grace and Your most Noble Lord.

That Affability in Your Deportment to the Lowest, which charms all who have the Honour to serve you, which is so essential to real Worth, and so sure a Token of true Nobility, emboldened me, who at a Distance beheld the beautiful easie Ascent to offer up my humble Mite, and certainly nothing captivates the Heart in such a Manner, and as it were, runs away with our Obedience, as a generous Condescention from our Superiors, it falls like Heavenly Dew, for which nothing can be repaid but Thanks.

Poetry and Musick are Sister Arts; they always join in Consort, and are the most proper

per Relief to the weary'd Mind; they fire the Soul to Virtue, or ſooth it on to Peace and Love with ſweeteſt, ſofteſt Blandiſhments, yet are they ſeldom found but with the Brave and Fair; 'tis they alone whoſe Souls are capable of Harmony, who form'd of better Earth are ſenſible of Love and Honour, the two great Fountains of Heroic Virtue.

To You then, *Madam*, to You whoſe Soul is all Harmonious——the Muſe devotes her Labours, accept 'em from the lowlieſt of the Inſpir'd Train, from him whoſe utmoſt Ambition is to ſubſcribe himſelf

Your Grace's

Moſt Humble, Obedient,

And Devoted Servant,

Charles Johnſon.

THE

PREFACE.

THE two wiſeſt as well as the greateſt Commonwealths, that ever were, Athens *and* Rome, *condeſcended to make their Poets their Penſioners; and the publick Money paid for the publick Diverſions; the Name of Poet was held ſacred; while he taught nothing that contradicted the Conſtitution he liv'd under, or the Religion of his Country, and thoſe knowing People found their Morals improv'd, their Manners poliſh'd, and their Judgment ſtrengthen'd by the reaſonable and noble Entertainment of the Theater; in the Declenſion of thoſe two Empires Poetry too fell into Lycence and help'd to debauch and vitiate thoſe Morals it had before improved; Tragedy degenerated into Farce and the Mimic Droll ſhoulder'd off the Buskin; if this can be any Proof of the Licentiouſneſs of the Age we live in, it may be urg'd with ſome Force, when we ſee no Audience now can bear the Fatigue of two Hours good Senſe tho'* Shakſpear *or* Oatway *endeavour to keep 'em awake, without*

out the promis'd Relief of the Stage-Coach, or ſome ſuch ſolid Afterlude, a few Lines indeed are now and then forced down their Throats by the Help of this Gewgaw, 'tis tack'd to the Tragedy or rather the Tragedy to that, for 'tis the Money Bill; the Actors may deſign it as a Deſert, but they generally find the Palates of their Gueſts ſo vitiated that they make a Meal of Whipt Cream, and neglect the more ſubſtantial Food which was deſign'd for their Nouriſhment; methinks thoſe Gentlemen who have the Management of the Theatres ſhou'd agree to baniſh every thing that cou'd be thought the leaſt below the Dignity of the Stage, but this I fear we can hardly hope to ſee while there are two Houſes open—ſince as the General Taſte now is, that which does not outmonſter the other muſt ſtarve; here are no publick Stipends for the Player or Poet, they muſt ſubmit to the Taſte of the Town, nay they are both oblig'd (while they are divided) ſervilely to emulate one another in that Submiſſion, nor can we think of ſeeing any thing hereafter but Bombaſt and Farce in the Room of Nervous Senſe and Sterling Wit, this Age has certainly been as productive of great and noble Spirits in Poetry as well as Arms, as any that ever went before it, yet we ſee how ſhy, how fearful they are of treading the Stage, how few dare to appear there, they are and well may be aſham'd to roll with ſome Company they have ſeen there, the Actors too being by this Diviſion of the Houſes ſeparated; that Company which before was able to furniſh out Performers for the beſt Tragedy have now by this Diviſion ſo weaken'd the Body that the Town ſeems to have loſt the Reliſh of that moſt worthy Entertainment of the Reaſon, Roſcius indeed is no more, and Tragedy mourns with real Tears his Loſs; that mighty Genius (let me call him ſo) for to become ſo perfect an Actor, a Man muſt have almoſt all the Qualifications of the greateſt Author; he muſt have

the

the most Exalted Soul, the Deepest Judgement, and the most lively Fancy; and Nature too must be liberal in her outward Endowments, She must adorn him with a Graceful Person, and an easie Utterance; to all these Accomplishments the utmost Art and Industry must be join'd: Nature had indeed been very bountiful to Mr. Betterton, *and yet Art and Labour had improv'd him wonderfully, and he confessed but very lately, He was yet learning to be an Actor. If then an Actor is not to be made like an Artificer, by Seven Years Apprenticeship, and hardly two good ones arise in an Age, we ought to keep those few that are so together; there is no other way to Banish Posture-Masters, Foreign Monsters, Tub Scenes,* &c *from the Theatre, to preserve the Reputation the Stage yet maintains with the most Learned and Polite, and to make it become, as it certainly may be, both Ornamental and Useful to the Government. If Poets are capable of teaching Morality, as if we believe* Horace, *they are,*

Quicquid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius & Melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit.

PROLOGUE

Design'd for Mr. *Betterton*, Spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

MElpomene no more erects her Head,
Without her Comic Sister's chearful aid,
To Night th' Amphibious Author Laughs and Mourns;
And hopes you to will Sigh and Smile by turns:
Apollo thus, the Poets radiant God,
Now Shines, now Veils his Lustre in a Cloud.
He aims to follow moving OATWAY'S *Muse,*
But with unequal Steps the Glorious Bard pursues;
Yet if that Painter merits some success
Who strives from TITIAN *or* VANDYKE *to please,*
Our Author hopes his Pardon may be had,
A Copy from that Master faintly made,
Proves not his Judgment, *but his* Genius *bad.*
For OATWAY'S *sake his Young Disciple spare,*
Indulge the tender Plant with Friendly Care,
Give him but kindly Soil, and let him spread,
He'll live to pay you with a grateful Shade;
Guard him from Critic Winds, One Hissing blast
Blights and lays all his budding Verses waste.
But if no Prayers your rigid Censures move,
He flies for Refuge to the Court of Love;
Yes, to that brilliant Circle he appeals,
Where Heavenly Mercy with bright Beauty dwells:
When you approve, they dare not disobey;
The Victors here confess your Magic sway:
Each Hero tears the Laurel from his Brows,
And at his Charmers feet the bleeding Trophy throws:
The hardy Soldier feels new Pains arise,
Not from the Wounds of Swords——but pointed Eyes.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

Spoke by Mrs. BICKNELL.

These Tragic Writers do so fill their Plays
With Virtue, and what was in former Days;
The World is chang'd, and now the Lover throws
To each believing Fair his common *Vows:*
Troth 'twill be very hard, if civil Words
That fly in Gallantry, are made Records
Of Perjury; and puniſh'd thus with Swords:
How many pretty Fellows here wou'd Dye!
Dye for an Oath, a Senſleſs Perjury!
Ah! that unthinking Virgin much deceives
Her ſelf, who in this Bankrupt Age believes;
She ought to know all Vows are Words of courſe,
Except that One, For Better and for Worſe:
By this Advice no Fair one e'er Miſcarry'd,
Or was forſaken; 'till ſhe firſt was Marry'd.
'Tis a miſtake Meſſieurs, *for broken Vows,*
The Lover is not puniſh'd, but the Spouſe,
A Husband *once, He doubly pays his Wife,*
For all the Errors of a ſingle Life.

[Is going off but Returns.

But hold, I promis'd Bays *I'd ſomething ſay,*
To moderate your Cenſure of his Play:
Heroically { *You Gentlemen Impannell'd in the Pit,*
{ *You Sovereign Judges both of Senſe and Wit.*
Hang it, this ſerious Speech I cannot bear,
I was not made for Tragedy *I'll Swear:*
Do as you Pleaſe, or Save, or Damn the Man;
For ſo ye will —— *let me ſay what I can.*

Drama-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Leonato, Father to *Aſpatia*, Mr. *Bowman*.

Lothario, *Anſelmo*, Friends in Love with *Aſpatia*. Mr. *Wilks*. Mr. *Mills*.

Sebaſtian, Brother to *Julia*, Mr. *Husband*.

Aſpatia, in Love with *Lothario*, Mrs. *Rogers*.

Julia, in Love with *Anſelmo*, Mrs. *Porter*.

Leucippe, Maid to *Aſpatia*.

Attendants, &c.

SCENE *VERONA*.

THE

Force of Friendſhip.

ACT I.

Enter Lothario *and* Anſelmo *at oppoſite Doors.*

Anſ. DEar Partner of my Cares, for that's a Name
Proper to Friendſhip; may each Day like this,
Each riſing Sun, behold our Hearts united;
Oh may we never wrong that ſacred Tye,
That Simpathy of Souls, may it endure,
As that eternal Truth which firſt inſpir'd it.
Loth. And when our weary Natures ſeek Repoſe,
When ſurfieted with the ſame tedious Courſe,
Our Spirits ſhake theſe groſſer Burthens off.
Then may our Souls take their glad Flight together
To Empireal Joys and thinner Skies.
Anſ. United thus, thus fortify'd *Lothario*,
Our Lives as gentle Streams ſhall glide away,
While undiſturb'd by Cares, we will deceive,
The moſt malignant Influence of our Stars.
Loth. Yet ſay *Anſelmo*, tell me, did thy Heart,
Never receive Impreſſions from the Fair?
Howe'er thy ſolid Reaſon might ſhake off

The ſoft bewitching Temper, have thy Eyes
Like faithful Mirrors ſtill Return'd the Beams
Shot from Inchanting Women? Have thoſe Orbs,
Imbib'd the Light alone without the heat?
Oh my *Anſelmo*! I Confeſs the weakneſs
I own that with unuſual Warmth inſpir'd,
My Eyes beheld with pleaſing pain the Fair,
But Reaſon Conquer'd, the Unkindly Gleam
Juſt ſhot it's Fires, which warm'd alone and Fled.

Anſel. Too long I've trifled with that Tyrant Paſſion,
How often have I taught my untouch'd Heart
Imaginary Pain, Proteſted, Vow'd,
And Dy'd for every Charming Face I ſaw,
If the too Credulous Fair with pity mov'd,
Receiv'd her Votary; Oh my *Lotharia*!
I own 'twas much a Fault,——She was undone
If with a wiſe Diſtruſt ſhe ſhun'd the Bait,
'Twas an Amuzement for an Idle Hour,
But I am wounded, I have Caught my Friend
The Paſſion I deride——Oh I Love?
The Hypochrite is paid for his Falſe Zeal,
And is become a Bigot from an Atheiſt.

Loth. You do but juſtly feel thoſe Pains you gave,
That Laughing Deity which once you held,
The Child alone of Idleneſs, and Eaſe,
Has glorioufly avow'd in you his Power.

Anſ. Yes he has taken ample Satisfaction
For broken Vows, and Counterfeited Sighs,
I Love *Lotharia*, to that Mad degree,
That Abſence which I now am forc'd t' endure,
Brings doubting Tortures, Miſery, Diſpair,

Loth. Who is the Miſtreſs of theſe Conquering Charms
That fixt the wanderer, *Anſelmo*'s Heart;
A little Cruelty you may allow her,
It is a Juſtice which ſhe owes her Sex.

Anſ.

Anſ. She is all ſoft her Nature knows no Rigor,
No Coy Affected Arts, no practis'd Gloſſes
The wiles her Sex are fond of and Admire,
Sully the Native Beauties of her Mind,
Her Duty only ſeems to Check her Paſſion,
Her Duty which forbids her to be mine,
For Oh *Lotharia!* ſhe is *Levato's*,
He is the Father of this mighty Treaſure.

Loth. That is Severe indeed Your Families
Too well his known have for ſome Ages vow'd
A Conſtant and Hereditary Hate.
Why would you Cheriſh this unlucky Paſſion?
Why give it Root and Noriſhment *Anſelmo?*
Baniſh it ſtill, let abſence, or Employment
Arms or another loved *Idea* Drown it,
Forget her, be your ſelf again and eaſie.

Anſel. Forget her, Ah the crouding Images
Chaſe one another in my troubled Thoughts,
Ten thouſand Stratagems I Form and Break,
My very Dreams are buſily in Love.

Loth. Should She conſent with equal Tranſport joyn
Her Faith her Virgin Piety muſt bleed;
She comes all Sully'd to her Husbands Arms
Charg'd with Parental Curſes on her Head.

Anſ. Plague me not now with Reaſon 'tis all raſhneſs
'Tis Nonſence to a wretch in burning Pain
To talk of Stoic Wiſdom, Aid me Sir
'Tis what I may Command in Friendſhip's Name
For I have laid the Scheme by thee to reach her.

Loth. I find you are a Lover, therefore Thought,
I might preſume was grown a Stranger to you,
However let me know what Task I have
And you ſhall find no Danger can Deter
From Acting for my Honor, and my Friend,
What my *Anſelmo* Reaſonleſs can ask.

Anſel. You then ſhall Court her for me, you are lov'd
And valued by her Father *Leonato*,
I oft have heard you ſay with what Reſpect,
With more than common Courteſie he ſees you,
Propoſe to Wed my Miſtreſs; ask her of him,
Your Fortune, and your Family deſerve her,
With Joy he will Receive you, then my Friend
May double all my Bliſs, talk to her, tell her
With what uncommon Purity I Worſhip;
At leaſt you are ſo much my ſelf, your Heart
By Sympathetic Fire will talk like mine.

Loth. I've heard what you propoſe, were it alone,
As 'tis a Dangerous, an unpleaſant Office;
Credit me, Friend, I would with Joy perform it;
Yet ſure *Anſelmo* muſt Conſult my Honour,
It hardly can be fit I ſhould Deceive
With falſe deluſive Terms of a feign'd Courtſhip,
The generous *Leonato*'s open Heart.

Anſel. Oh both the Families wish grateful Joy
Will own the mutual Bleſſing; *Leonato*
When Time ſhall moliſie his rigorous Hate,
He ſhall confeſs the Benefit like me,
He too ſhall own that Vertue muſt be great,
That Friendſhip muſt be ſacred that can cure
By ſuch uncommon Means an ancient Wound,
And ſeal in ever living Love the Bleſſing.

Loth. You ſhall not ſay you ask'd *Lothario* ought
And gave your Reaſons for't, and was refus'd,
I will attempt it; tho' I fear in vain.

Anſel. With Joy not to be told accept my Thanks.
My bright Ambaſſadour to Love's fair Court,
You ſhall receive my Character, and bear
My beſt Credentials to the fair *Aſpatia*.
My ſwelling Heart impatiently deſires
To ſee once more the Goddeſs of my Soul,
Oh my *Lothario* when you once behold her,

You

You shall confess her Beauty's magick Power,
And own she might have been thy Conquerer.

Not Cytherea *when thro' Heaven she moves,*
Inspiring young Desires, and tender Loves,
Inflames the youthful Gods with fiercer Joys,
Or darts more killing Blessings from her Eyes.

SCENE changes to *Leonato*'s House.

Enter Aspatia *and* Julia.

Jul. Yes, Man, *Aspatia*, is a fickle Creature,
Inconstant as the Wind, by Passion sway'd,
He loaths this Hour, what last he covered,
His Oaths, his Honour, his devoted Faith,
Are all the Pandars of unchast Desire.

Asp. Yet sure I've heard the Generous and Brave
Are only sensible of Love and Honour,

Jul. Oh! where two Hearts are equally inspir'd,
Where mutual Love fans their alternate Flame,
Where in harmonious Simpathy two Souls
By Miracle unite, by Virtue fix,
Virtue, the Basis of all solid Good,
Loves an immortal Blessing from above,
'Tis then an Antepast of Bliss eternal;
Society of Souls; and Nature here
Confesses, she can give no greater Joy.

Asp. You warm me, *Julia*, with this bright Idea,
The counterfieted God is all Desire,
This is Heroic Love, 'tis truly great.

Jul. Yet each Deceiver wears this charming Dress,
By this he does delude, by this betray,
The fond, believing, Lovesick Virgin's Heart;
——'Tis needless to repeat by what Degrees,

How

How cautiously, with what well weigh'd Discretion,
As I believ'd, I drew that Passion in,
Which rob'd me of my Peace of Mind for ever,
He was a Man form'd to deceive the Sex,
Had every Grace makes Manly Beauty perfect,
His Words commanded the stiff greedy Ear,
As his too lovely Mien, and Shape the Eye,
He knew with every Art to captivate,
And lead the Sences willing Prisoners,
But he was false, this Godlike Man was false,
Sincerity was what he never knew,
Yet, oh! he perfectly dissembled it.

Asp. Why, Cousin, wou'd you never tell the Name
Of this great, perjur'd, elegant, bad Man.

Jul. Prepare thee then to hear it, oh! prepare,
Let it not shake thee, guard thy tender Heart
For I have often seen him, lately too,
Under thy Window, practising again
With treacherous Arts, industrious to betray,

Asp. He never cou'd have triumph'd there my Friend,
And yet with what incessant Prayers and Tears,
Eternal Services and vow'd Submissions,
Such as might plead just Mercy, if sincere,
Has he endeavour'd to inspire my Soul
With mutual Love——

Jul. Ah with what Fears thee I heard him sigh,
When languishing and dying at my Feet,
Too lavish of his perjur'd Breath, he vow'd,
He shou'd with greater Pride expire my Slave,
Then live sole Monarch of the Universe,
Pity begot a kind of Tenderness
That so much Worth shou'd suffer by my Rigour,
That Tenderness warm'd into Friendships Name
And Friendship quickly ripen'd into Love,
Fond of the glorious Victim I receiv'd
With Pride the new Adorer, till at last

The Deity became the Sacrifice,
Oh what a gallant Prize wou'd you have been,
The Hopes of your great Family deſtroy'd,
Its ancient Foe had triumph'd like a Victor,
His counterfeited Love had gain'd a Conqueſt,
His Sword with ill Succeſs had oft eſſay'd.

Aſp. Yes, thou haſt open'd a new Scene of Cunning,
Brought to my unreflecting Memory;
The Reaſon why his Toils with ſo much Art,
With ſo much Care were ſpread; my Virgin Honour
The Houſe of *Leonato* ſo muſt pay
The Vengeance of Hereditary Hate:
Say——tell me——how ſhall I revenge my Wrongs,
Thine and my Wrongs. Oh that he lov'd indeed,
That with ten Thouſand burning Scorpions Stings
I might return the Wounds he gave with Intereſt.

Julia. The Traitor durſt not this Affront have offer'd,
Had a Male Branch ſurviv'd; old *Leonato*,
He thinks perhaps beneath his mighty Sword.

Aſp. Hymen ſaid he ſhall heal this ancient Wound,
We two the only Branch of either Root;
Love ſhall inoculate, the differing Plants
By mutual Benefits ſhall flouriſh long
As mingling Streams we'll join, kindly unite,
In ſoft embracing Ringlets ever run.

Julia. Oh his melliſluous Tongue knows every Art,
Knows every Wile is practis'd in Deceit.

Aſp. Methinks 'tis hard; the Combat is unequal,
And Nature when ſhe cloaths ſo falſe a Soul
With ſuch a God-like Form, creates a Foe
Too ſtrong for Virtue, naked, and unarm'd.

Julia. Aſpatia no, firm Virtue conquers all;
Let your Eyes meet him next with cold Diſdain,
Let generous Indignation fire your Soul,
And animate your Virtue to the Combat,

Virtue's its own ineffable Reward,
The Hero's Courage, and the Virgin's Guard.

When loosen'd Winds furrow proud Neptune's *Main,*
And ruffle so loud Storms his glassy Plain,
The stedfast Rocks alone, unshaken bear,
Conflicting Nature's Elemental War.

The End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Leonato *and* Sebaſtian.

Leon. HOnour *Sebaſtian* is a Virtuous Pride,
It gilds too often with a gaudy Name
The Rancour of a ſwoln, ill temper'd Mind;
Show me a Wretch bending beneath the Load
Of dire Adverſity, beſet with Want,
Oblig'd from Hour to Hour, and Day to Day,
To eke out a poor Life with borrow'd Bread,
That treads no Earth, that breaths no Air his own,
And quenches Nature's Heat with the cold Flood,
Tho' ſprung from God-like Race; tho' you derive
His Stem from *Hercules*, you'll find this Honour
Is flat, inſipid, taſtleſs to his Senſe.
As high fed Courſers, hot and full of Pride
We know no Reins, but in low Paſture, dull,
We jade, we feel the Whip and Spur in vain;
Such is our unattir'd Nature Sir,
And ſo far we aſſimilate to Beaſts.

Seb. We are not then our ſelves, when the clog'd Soul
Oppreſs'd by Want, or ſhook with a Diſeaſe,
Bears heavily her toilſome Burthen, Fleſh;
And Honour then may be an empty Sound,
The vitious Palate, not the Food is bad;
Yet when the Mind reſumes its priſtine Force,
Again 'tis ſenſible of Right and Wrong,
Again 'tis fir'd with gallant, high Idæa's.

I gueſs, my Lord, why you Philoſophize,
I find my Arm unactive in the Cauſe;
My Sword is feeble, and attempts in vain
To right my injur'd Siſter *Julia*'s Wrong.
Leo. Miſtake not Youth, I wou'd not tie your Sword,
An idle Hatchment only to your Side:
You have already fought this gay Deciever,
Your Arm Victorious, bluſh'd with his beſt Blood;
Enough is given to Honour, and to *Julia*,
And what was Juſtice then, is Malice now:
Leave this Vow-breaker to the Gods for Vengeance,
It is their Right alone, tho' Man uſurps it.
Seb. With Pleaſure all your Council I obey,
Believe me, Sir, no filial Piety
Can with more duteous Deference ſubmit,
For you have been doubly a Father to me,
A Friend to my Misfortunes.
Leo. No more of that———
Some Benefits are over-paid with Praiſe;
I like not the vain Ear that can be tickled
With its own virtuous Acts;
The Repetition to a generous Heart,
Is tedious and uneaſy.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, *Lothario* begs Admittance to you.
Leon. This Man, *Sebaſtian*, you muſt call your Friend
Of Modern *Italy*, yet conſtant, brave,
Such as our Anceſtors old *Rome* records;
When not enervated with Luxury
And lawleſs Eaſe, ſhe triumph'd o'er the World:
This Morn he ask'd me as the deareſt Pledge
Of my Eſteem, my Daughter, my *Aſpatia*,
I could not wiſh my Child a nobler Match,
And if her tender Paſſions meet my Wiſhes;

I ſhall be then deliver'd of a Load,
A mighty Load of Care, a Woman's Honour.
Seb. My Lord, *Lothario*, or I'm much deceiv'd,
Is in ſworn Bonds *Anſelmo*'s deareſt Friend,
'Tis an Objection bears ſome Force to ſay,
Such an Alliance may be inauſpicious,
And widen yet the Wound which bleeds too freſh.
Leo. No my *Sebaſtian*, this Collateral Bond
Shall be the Cement to unite us all;
Love ſhall the kindly healing Balſome prove,
To cure this ſtrange Hereditary Hate,
That rages againſt Nature, Reaſon, Law.
Sebaſt. My Lord, I take my Leave; may ev'ry Bleſſing
O'ertake your own moſt forward happy Wiſhes.

Enter Lothario.

Loth. Impatient any longer to ſuſtain
The Sallies of a Paſſion nobly born:
Firſt let me kneel, and pay my Duty here;
Excuſe my Lord the Tranſport of a Joy,
That breaks upon my Soul, from the near Hope
Of being call'd your Son. Ah wou'd *Aſpatia*
Behold with equal Favour her Adorer;
But I'm unpractis'd in thoſe ſofter Arts,
That win the Fair, and too too oft deceive,
I can no Merit plead but your Command;
The Parent may ſucceed, but not the Lover.
Leon. Oh wou'd my Child *Aſpatia*'s Soul take Fire,
As every Word, young Man, inflames my Heart;
Thy Father's Image, great *Lothario*'s Soul,
My Godlike Friend ſeems all reviv'd in thee;
I love thee Boy, I cannot tell thee more,
And leſs I muſt not; nor will I longer ſtay thee
From what thy Soul impatiently deſires. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes

Enter Aſpatia *and* Leucippe.

Aſp. He comes, *Leucippe*, now *Lothario* comes,
To plead the Cauſe of Love, and ſteal my Freedom,
Farewel ye pleaſing Hours of Joy ſerene,
Harmonious ever tuneful Virgin Days,
The Marriage Storm is near, and Man rough Man,
Diſturbs the peaceful Calm. [*Exit* Leucippe.

Enter Lothario.

Loth. I bring, bright Maid, the tender of a Heart,
Pure, chaſt, and laſting as fair *Veſta*'s Flame,
And if Deſert might ſpeak, but what Deſert
Can Man to Heaven, and Heaven-born Beauty plead,
——*Anſelmo*, Madam——You have heard him ſigh,
Yes ſeen him often proſtrate at your Feet,
And I but weakly can diſcharge my Truſt,
Can give you but faint Images of him,
His Eyes alone are able to perſwade,
And tell the gnawing Fire, that burns within,
But his own Words will do him ampler Juſtice.
[*Gives a Letter.*

Aſp. This is uncommon Galantry, to woo
By Proxy, court me by Ambaſſadour;
Yet your Credentials prove you much in Truſt.

Loth. A weighty Truſt indeed, for ah! what Heart,
Unmov'd, unwarm'd, can ſtand the beauteous Shock,
He muſt be more than Mortal who can guard,
Gainſt your victorious Charms, the Theme thus warms me.
To think how poor *Anſelmo* ſighs thy Abſence,
See, ſays the Youth where on a Bed of Flowers,

The

The fair *Aſpatia* lies, like *Paphos* Queen,
Ten Thouſand little Cupids fly around
In circling Jollity, the Feather'd Loves
Drink rich Nectarious Cordials from her Eyes,
And when ſhe breaths, ſoft gentle Zephyrs wait,
To ſuck the Spicy Odors as they fall.
Aſp. Anſelmo choſe a graceful Orator,
Yet while you paint *Anſelmo*'s Flame ſo warmly,
While you deſcribe a Paſſion not your own,
While your bold Pencil with diſſembled Fires
Deceives the diſtant Sight; I ſigh to think
A Time may come, when this gay Flow'ry Proſpect,
Of Vales and Rivers, Meads and Rural Seats,
Drawn cloſer to the Eye, muſt all appear,
The Pencil's Creatures only, Paint and Oil;
Varniſh of empty Words,——and gilded Air.
Loth. Your Beauty muſt create an Orator,
Which while it warms the Heart inſpires the Tongue,
The Syllables muſt elegantly flow,
In decent Order, Advocates of Love;
Who can diſſemble, who can counterfiet,
The tender Breathings of a Lover's Mind,
Thus if *Anſelmo* writes, or talks, or thinks,
Aſpatia ſtill creates the charming Theme,
The Trees all ſpeak his Paſſion, while that Word
Appears in Cyphers on the wounded Bark,
The Groves repeat it, and the mimick Nymph
Is weary with reſounding his *Aſpatia*,
Say ſhall there be a Time——Or has he leave
To hope, you will indulge him with a Smile?
Aſp. Lovers Cameleon like are fed on Air,
And Hopes the Food of Love, that general Good
I neither can deny, nor grant *Anſelmo*,
But oh! *Lotharío* like a pointed Sword,
My Father's Curſe now pendent o'er my Head,
Deters me from indulging his leaſt Wiſh.

Yet

Yet tell him I approve his Conduct, thus
To treat by Proxy; tell him your Admittance
Was easie, and your Presence grateful here.

Aside. { Hah, whether am I going, every Word,
Each piercing Look, darts thro' and thro' my Soul.

Loth. I fly, fair lovely Maid, to your *Anselmo*,
And pour the Balsam in his bleeding Wound,
Thrice happy Maid, who only can deserve
What only you can give, that Heav'n of Beauty.

Asp. Beauty corrupts like Summer Fruit *Lothario*,
Virtue alone with everlasting Lustre,
As a fine Diamond shines tho' coursly set,
The warmest Bigot at bright Beauty's Shrine,
Turns Atheist as the blooming Flower decays.

Loth. { Gods how she fires my Soul, my Traitor Tongue
Wou'd utter what my Heart ought not to think

Aside. { A Leaden Damp hangs like a Cloud upon me,
As if I mourn'd my too successful Friend.

Asp. Thus Nature curious in the Body's Form,
Too oft neglects the Texture of the Mind,
While the fine breathing Picture strikes the Eye,
The thoughtless Image but confirms the Ear,
The thing was made for Ornament not Use.

Loth. But when they meet, where Beauty blending joins
With Virtue, who can bear the dazling Light?
Vice blushes struck with awful Reverence,
And Virtue shines aided with double Beams,
And borrow'd Blaze from her *Asparia*'s Eyes;

Yet let me pay my Duty to *Anselmo*,
Tell him the glorious Conquest I have made,
And ease with the glad News his beating Heart. [*Exit.*

Asp.

Aſp. alone.] The Conqueſt thou haſt gain'd is all thy own,
Ah, wherefore doſt thou ſue for falſe *Anſelmo*,
My little panting Heart proclaims *Lothario*,
And all my Rebel Senſes aid the Choice,
Yes let him reign: But Honour, rigid Honour,
Throws in a fatal Bar, and cuts the Proſpect,
Tho' he ſhould love like me, tho' all his Paſſion
Well painted as it is, his ſpeaking Eyes,
And melting Eloquence, were real all,
Yet he's *Anſelmo*'s Friend, their blended Souls
By a long Intercourſe of mutual Benefits,
Are bound with Ligaments too ſinuous,
For Love or weak *Aſpatia* to diſolve,
Oh! Love thou cruel Tyrant of the Soul,
Direct thy Captive thro' this winding Maze. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes.

Enter Lothario.

Loth. No were ſhe fairer than her Mother *Venus*,
As ſure ſhe bears the brighteſt Mortal Form,
Yet my firm Soul ſhou'd ſtand the beauteous War,
Without one Traitor Thought, tho' my Heart bleeds,
Virtue ſhall conquer all, yet why *Anſelmo*
Why didſt thou give me this uncommon Tryal,
Aſpatia's Charms might well diſarm and fire,
The coldeſt Virtue, make a Stoic burn,
I feel, I feel her here, conflicting Beauty
Strugles within for Univerſal Empire.

Enter Anſelmo.

Anſ. Welcome thou worthy Meſſenger of Love,
What ſays the Fair, repeat her very Words,

That

That I may take my Hopes and my Diſpair
From my own jealous Cenſure, thou art kind,
And wilt incline to heighten or indulge
My Loveſick Wiſhes; ſpeak m'attentive Ear,
Will as you breath 'em catch the flying Sounds.

Loth. She bids you hope, that general Food of Love
She neither can deny, nor grant *Anſelmo*,
Tho' like a pointed Sword her Father's Curſe
Is pendent o'er her Head, ſhe much approves
Your Conduct in this Caſe to treat by Proxy.

Anſ. She gives me Hope, Hope is the Beggar's Comfort,
The Food of Gally Slaves, deceitful View,
That ſpins out Miſery, and binds to Life
Ev'n the moſt Wretched; no, 'tis all a Cheat,
My Love's too Maſculine to feed on Air.
What my *Aſpatia* then, muſt a lean Hope
Be the Reward of all my faithful Hours.

Loth. Ah blame not fair *Aſpatia*, ſure ſhe Loves,
I read her Eyes, which ſpoke in kinder Terms,
Than what her Virgin Modeſty cou'd utter:
Joy ſat triumphant in thoſe living Lights,
And both were Advocates with me for you.

Anſ. Let me then hope, you muſt excuſe my Fears,
Tumultuous Paſſion ſhakes the Lover's Breaſt;
He forms his Frights as Children in the Dark,
Ten Thouſand wild Illuſions break his Reſt;
But tell me Sir, is ſhe not worth his Care.

Loth. Is ſhe not forming Nature's lovely Pride,
Sweet as the vernal Breeſe, chaſt as the Flood,
And when ſhe ſpeaks th' Angelic Charmer Strikes,
The raviſh'd Sences with ſuch various Harmony,
Our Eyes, our greedy Ears devour the Banquet;
Thus every Senſe is Captive made to Love.

Anſ. You muſt repeat this Viſit, my *Lothario*,
Then urge the preſent Opportunity,
Propoſe our Marriage, fix the happy Hour.

Loth.

Leth. I wish some other Means———

Anst. No more, your Word's recorded; 'tis a *Trust*;
This is a Trial for a perfect Friend.

Friendship is greatly prov'd by adverse Fate,
When it endures hard Fortune's ordeal Heat.
In fierce Vulcano*'s Chymists thus explore,*
And purge from drossy Particles their Ore;
The yellow God, tho' ripen'd by the Sun,
Proves his Divinity in Fire alone.

The End of the Second Act.

D ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Aſpatia *and* Julia.

Julia. Wherefore theſe downcaſt Eyes, theſe frequent Sighs,
Now thy pale Cheeks confeſs thy conſcious Flame,
And now the flushing Blood o'erſpreads thy Face,
So riſing *Phœbus* gilds with dawning Light
The Lillies of the Vale——
Thy Tell-tale Eyes, the riſing Breath that ſwells
Thoſe ſnowy Orbs, theſe Tears of pearly Dew,
That Drop by Drop, ſteal from thy languid Eyes,
Silently ſpeak the Paſſion of thy Soul——

Aſp. If ardent Virtue, if a Form Divine,
If Eloquence can move, if Love has Force
To conquer Reaſon, Education, Law,
Why ſhou'd I bluſh to own *Lothario*'s Charms:
Yes, let me eaſe my labouring Loveſick Mind,
Confeſs my Paſſion, and implore thy Aid;
'Tis for *Lothario* that I Sigh, I Weep,
That Godlike Youth is all my Wiſh, my Care,
The Buſineſs of my Life. Ah *Julia* help,
Adviſe, compaſſionate thy Loveſick Friend.

Julia. Thrice happy Maid, the tender God of Love
Propitious to thy Wiſhes helps the Flame:
Hymen Attends to crown the circling Joy,
And *Lothario* gives a Bleſſing Hand.

Aſp. He never can be mine: No, *Julia*, no,
Friendſhip forbids the Banes, that ſacred Word
Has broke our diſtant Hope, and daſh'd the Joy;

With

With painted Flames I burn.
Jul. Lorburio then is but *Anſelmo*'s Proxy,
And while he blinds your Father with a Tale,
Of honourable Love, to you he ſpeaks
In his Friends Name, Loves Powerful Advocate.
Aſp. This Morn he ſpoke his Friend in Terms Divine,
Yet then his loaden Heart and his full Eyes
Declar'd the mighty Weight that preſs'd his Soul:
At Noon again he paid his Solemn Vows,
For his *Anſelmo*, faithful to his Truſt.
But then as Fire confin'd or Floods reſtrein'd
His Paſſion knew no Bounds: Proſtrate he Fell,
And dying at my Feet reveal'd his Flame,
I Gently rais'd him, pleas'd to find him mine;
And ah my *Julia* Own'd (as from my Eyes
He might have learnt before) a Mutual Ardor,
And yet tho' Love awaits with Purple Wings
To Fan the Gentle Flame himſelf has rais'd
Friendſhip; cold Honour with ſuperior Energy
Damps our alternate Joy, kind, cruel, Boy,
Bright *Cytherea*'s Son, or cure *Anſelmo*,
Or heal the poor, deſpairing, loſt *Aſpatia*.
Jul. Reſtleſs fatigu'd with Pain, you baniſh Thought,
And exile Reaſon from your dangerous Paſſion,
So wounded by the Hunters flying Steel,
The panting Stag ranges the Woods, the Fields,
Then ſeeks the Flood, the fatal Arrow fix'd
Grows to his Wound, his groaning Boſom heaves,
He ſighs, he weeps, laſt breathing Life away,
——Reaſon alone, Reaſon's unerring Force
Muſt cure a Hurt like this, maturely weigh,
Cooly reflect, when Paſſion Rages, and Thought
Alternately reſumes her ruffl'd Seat.
Aſp. So Winds and Show'rs encreaſe the growing Flame
So Feaveriſh Heats augment by cooling Draughts,
Go talk to the poor Lunatic of Thought,

Bid him recall his Reason to his Aid;
Ah thou fond Girl, know'st thou the Power of Love,
Cou'd thy soft tender Heart perceive his Fires,
Receive the tender God, and stand confess'd,
His lowliest Slave, and canst thou speak of Thought,
Reflection, Reason, solemn Mockery
Of Priests and Pedants, no the sprightly Boy
Disdains all Limit, knows no Rule or Reign,
Boundless as Thought, as Elemental Fire.

Jul. Even thus we catch Diseases at the Eyes,
And look away our downy Peace and Reason,
This Morn *Aspatia* cou'd with Pleasure hear,
Of Falshood, broken Vows, and perjur'd Men,
And pleas'd to think her happy Heart was free,
Unhurt, despis'd his feeble Godships Bow,
And mock'd his Darts, but see *Lotharia* comes,
Farewel, may he be false, to false *Anselmo*
And of a perjur'd Freind, ye mighty Gods
Make him a faithful Lover. [*Exit* Jul.

Enter Lotharia *to* Aspatia.

Loth. I come fair lovely Maid to intercede,
Thus on my Knees to ask, to beg a Boon,
Which granted strikes to the cold Earth a Wretch,
Yes the most wretched of his Race *Lotharia*;
And if refus'd, brands me with Traitor, Slave,
Writes Villain in my Heart, and perjur'd Friend,
In sanguine Characters upon my Brow.

Asp. If then I neither must refuse, nor grant,
Let me be silent rather than offend,
Yet if it be no Crime, you may disclose
The dreadful Secret, tho' my Breast be full,
Brimful of Care, to ease your loaden Heart,

I'll

I'll take my equal Share of Friendly Grief.

Loth. To ask you for *Anſelmo*, for my Friend,
He ſighs, he pants, he bleeds for his *Aſpatia*;
The faithful Youth, conſtant as dying Martyrs,
And firm as Saints to Virtue, is his Flame:
By me he begs that you wou'd crown his Hopes,
And let the ſacred Prieſt for ever join you;
Join both your Hands in Hymenæal Bonds,
Long——long may Love and balmy Peace infold you,
Incircling Life in never dying Joys;
While I, whoſe Heart adores you with a Fire
As pure, as laſting, and as bright as his,
For ever doom'd to Earth, and cold Deſpair,
Hopeleſs and wretched languiſh Life away,
And never from that fatal Wedding more,
Uplift my Eyes to Heav'n, or to *Aſpatia*.

Aſp. If Love can make us wretched, 'tis where Love
Meets with inexorable cold Diſdain;
I have confeſs'd, I have made known my Weakneſs;
Lothario, plead no more for falſe *Anſelmo*;
Thou know'ſt this Heart is thine, devoted thine,
Plead thy own happy Cauſe, ſucceſsful Youth;
Talk thou no more of wounded Hearts, Deſpair,
And hopeleſs Love, for thy *Aſpatia* loves;
Let me with downcaſt Eyes bluſhing declare,
Her Flame is mutual; may the friendly Lights
Incorporate, and make a brighter Blaze.

Loth. I own the guilty Pride that I receive,
The unutterable Pleaſure that I take,
While you confeſs a mutual Flame for me;
Yet conſcious of the Wrong to my *Anſelmo*,
The new-born Joy is daſh'd with bitter Gall;
At firſt my lawleſs Eyes confeſs'd their Flame,
And my weak Tongue but faintly ſpoke *Anſelmo*;

Thus

Thus has my Heart turn'd Rebel to my Honour;
Oh! fair *Aſpatia*, this confirms my Ruin,
That you with mutual Paſſion love *Lothario*.

Aſp. Hear then illuſtrious Friend, thou pious Youth,
Too nicely Jealous of thy ſpotleſs Honour,
Know that *Anſelmo* never cou'd be mine,
His Wrongs to *Julia* arm'd my Virgin Heart,
And caution'd me againſt that known Deceiver.

Loth. The Plagues of *Tantalus* are ſenſeleſs Tales,
I feel ten Thouſand living Furies here,
The ſtruggling Soul ſuſtains unequal War,
Here my *Aſpatia* owns her tender Flame,
And while my eager Arms wou'd claſp her cloſe,
And my Soul burns to taſte that Heav'n of Joy,
Behold grim Honour——like an injur'd Shade
Stalks croſs our meeting Hands;
Judge me ye Gods; I feel *Anſelmo*'s Pangs,
Participate his Grief, taſte his Deſpair,
And yet were he more happy, I muſt be
Still hopeleſs——ſtill a Wretch.

Aſp. *Anſelmo* when he ſees how widely diſtant
His Hopes are born, will ſacrifice to thee,
His luckleſs Paſſion, and oblige his Friend
By that great generous Act.

Loth. And ſhall I wrong this great this generous Friend,
The baſeſt Thief is he who robs in Truſt,
What under Colour of fair Friendſhip's Name,
To ſteal the deareſt Treaſure of his Soul;
No more, th' op'ning Scene ſtrikes my ſick Mind
With black Deſpair,——yes I will ſee my Heart,
My loving lov'd *Aſpatia* torn away,
Torn from my dying Arms; ſpeak then *Aſpatia*——ſay,
Wou't thou not pity poor *Anſelmo*'s Friend,

Wou't

Wou't thou not ſigh or drop a Tear at parting?
Canſt thou behold me in the Pangs of Death,
Rack'd with unutterable hopeleſs Grief;
Wou't thou not ſay the over-bounteous Gods
Ruin'd *Lothario* with their choicheſt Gifts,
Gave him a faithful Friend, and touch'd the Heart
Of his *Aſpatia* with a mutual Flame,
And yet his Friend and Miſtreſs both were Curſes.

Aſp. You probe too deep your wounded Mind *Lothario*,
And my Heart bleeds to ſee yours torn with Thought,
With ſelf-tormenting Anguiſh; if the Gods,
The righteous Gods, by interpoſing Hands,
Prevent not in their Providence, I ſwear,
To ſatisfy the mighty Debt you owe,
To Honour and your Friend; I ſwear to give my Hand
Where you ſhall guide it: Yes, I will be *Anſelmo*'s,
Tho' Death is much more welcome, to appeaſe
The Tempeſt of your Mind, to ſatisfy
The Paſſion of your Soul, and ſave your Friend.

Loth. Great generous Maid, oh 'tis too much *Aſpatia*,
This vaſt Profuſion, this Exceſs of Goodneſs;
No, let us never part, let all be calm,
Hence, hence perplexing Thought, *Aſpatia*'s mine,
The circling Hours ſhall all be Peace and Joy,
Fruit of conubial Innocence and Love.

Aſp. And ſhall not rigid Honour interpoſe;
Your Friend I fear will blaſt theſe blooming Sweets.

Loth. Why didſt thou thus recall that dreadful Word,
I ſwear my Love, cou'd I forget *Anſelmo*;
——But 'tis in vain——and I muſt part with all,
Or ſink a Wretch below the vileſt Slave.
——Didſt thou not promiſe me to give thy Hand,
And for my Sake alone to wed *Anſelmo*;
There is no other Way——Oh wou'd my Life,

The

The parting of this brittle Soul and Frame,
Pay down the Forfeit, I wou'd ſcorn to aſk it,
To ſave my Life alone, but 'tis my Fame,
My Honour, and my Houſe, yes I muſt ſtand
A Villain on Record to future Times;
Remorſleſs Fate——Ah rigid Powers ſupreme,
That force us to be cruel to be Juſt.

Aſp. No more, compoſe your ſelf, my Lord, 'tis done;
Yet think, oh think by thy own wounded Soul,
What Pangs *Aſpatia* feels to part with thee.

Loth. I will return to my unhappy Friend,
And tell him he ſhall have your Hand to Morrow;
Then let me give you to *Anſelme*'s arms,
With a relenting, ſwelling Heart diſcharge
This ſtricteſt Bond of Faith——
Oh Friendſhip, ſacred Friendſhip now aſſiſt me.

Aſp. Oh violated Love; ah ruin'd Maid!

Loth. Weep not my Love, my mangled Heart bleeds freſh
At every Tear, and anſwers Drop for Drop;
To Morrow dreſs thee for a Sacrifice,
A tender Sacrifice of Love and Honour:
Give me thy Hand *Aſpatia*, let me print
One memorable Kiſs——To Morrow's Dawn
Parts us for ever——

Aſp. For ever——dire Diſtreſs——Can we not ſhun
Our gloomy Fate; think, think in Time and ſave us,
Ah my *Lothario!*

Loth. It is not to be born; I dare not ſtay,
Thoſe pleading Eyes and Tears break my Reſolves,
And ſink me down a Traitor: Love farewell,
Think that to Morrow's Sun ſhall fix thy Name
In Honour's brighteſt Roll, thrice virtuous Maid.
Exit Loth.

Aſp.

Aſp. ſola.] He's gone, and I am bound by Oath to Morrow,
To give my unwilling Hand to falſe *Anſelmo*;
Yet e'er the ſacred Marriage Tapers burn,
Snatch me ſome pitying Angel from the Altar;
Ah how perverſe were the malignant Stars
That rul'd my Birth; my trembling Heart now fears
Each Moments Flight, ſtop all ye Wheels of Time,
Prevent the Dawn; ye ſwift Wing'd Minutes ſtay,
Or thou bright *Phœbus* ne'er reſtore the Day

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV.

Enter Lothario *and* Aſpatia.

Loth. BY that bleſs'd Sun who gilds the Roſy Morn,
Thou art my Light and Heat, like that bright God
When you appear, all Nature ſmiles around,
——Yet we muſt part——inevitable Fate,
And dire Neceſſity command it from us.

Aſp. Ah wherefore was I made to know your Worth,
Why do you ſhine with ſuch diſtinguiſh'd Rays,
Illuſtrious in that Friendſhip that undoes me;
Why did my Father fill my Virgin Heart,
With glorious high Idæas of your Perſon,
And wherefore do you more than anſwer all,
My Thought conciev'd, my Fancy cou'd deſcribe.

Loth. To add more Weight to my o'er-loaden Heart,
The Gods inſpir'd thy tender Soul with Love,
That I might feel thy Pangs, and taſt thy Sorrows,
Perhaps to tempt my Faith, and boaſted Friendſhip,
She Loves, and yet that Love augments my Anguiſh;
Did ever Man receive a Bleſſing thus,
Diſaſtrous Stars! Behold *Anſelmo* comes,
My rival Friend, break, break my tortur'd Heart,
Ye Gods, ſupport my Love, preſerve my Friend.

Aſp. My Rival comes, profuſely kind to him
Anſelmo, he has all thy Heart, *Aſpatia*
Is offer'd up to heal your wounded Faith.

Enter

Enter Anſelmo.

Anſ. Thus the poor Slave benighted in a Dungeon,
Percieves the friendly Light break thro' the Gloom;
So Joyous his brisk Eyes, his cheary Heart,
Welcome returning Day——Welcome *Aſpatia.*
——Ha! therefore are thy Eyes thus bent on Earth;
Why ſighs my Love——Is this our Marriage Day;
She weeps, perhaps thy tender Virgin Heart
Shrinks at the Change; ſay is it ſo *Aſpatia.*

Aſp. I come not out of Choice, but by Command,
Oblig'd by the ſevereſt, ſtricteſt Vow,
That ever bound a dying, loveſick Maid,
To offer you my Hand, my Heart *Anſelmo*
Can ne'er be thine.

Anſ. ——Ten thouſand thouſand Horrours,
Broke in thoſe Words on my aſtoniſh'd Soul:
What ſays *Aſpatia?*

Aſp. My Heart can ne'er be thine, your Friend *Lothario,*
Who hates to Death unfortunate *Aſpatia,*
Oblig'd me by a ſolemn guilty Oath
That I wou'd wed you, take my promis'd Hand,
And lead your bleeding Victim to the Altar.

Anſ. Guide me ye equal Gods, 'tis all amazement,
All Wildneſs and Confuſion ſhall I ask thee;
Is then thy Heart a Stranger to my Love,
Oh lead me thro' this Labyrinth of Error.

Aſp. I love *Lothario* to Diſtraction, Death,
And as a Proof of my exalted Paſſion,
I have conſented thus to throw away,
My Soul's eternal Peace, and ſweet Repoſe; [*Turning*
Now execute thy own moſt dread Decree, *to* Loth.
And join thoſe Hands whoſe Hearts can never meet.

Asp. Is this Illusion all; the wild Ideas
Of a distemper'd Brain? Or is it Truth,
All pointed, murdering Truth?
Oh! my Soul burns within me, eating Fire
Consumes the Fabrick, tell the fatal Tale,
Speak thou, *Lotharic*, Truth demands thy Voice,
Thou wert a Man, a Man of Honour once,
Thus fix'd I'll stand, immoveable receive
The keeneſt Bolts of Fate.

Loth. Prepare thee yet to hear more dreadful Accents,
Behold before thee the moſt criminal,
Yet faultleſs Wretch, that e'er till now offended,
Impute it to my Fate, my guilty Stars,
I love *Aſpatia*, yes I avow my Paſſion,
As violent, as faithful, and as pure
As thine.

Anſ.——Hah;

Loth. Recall your Temper, be your ſelf, reſolve,
And ſtand the mighty Shock.

Anſ. Tho' like a Sword each ſharpen'd Syllable
Strikes thro' and thro' my Heart, I'll hear thee calmly,
Yes calm as Death or ſleeping Innocence,
Go on——

Loth. Have we not from our Infancy injoy'd,
The ſelf ſame Appetites, the ſame Diſguſts,
The mutual Harmony in all but Love
Strengthen'd our Freindſhip, Nature ſo reſolv'd it,
We were *created* Freinds, while the ſame Paſſions
The ſame Affections, govern'd all our Habits,
Oh! hard Neceſſity that firſt oblig'd you,
To uſe me your Ambaſſador in Love,
Mankind are all your Rivals in that Fair,
Then tell me by that mutual Truth, *Anſelmo*,
Which ſtill ſurvives within me firm as Fate,

Cou'd

Cou'd I whoſe Thoughts are Uniſons to yours,
Evade thoſe Charms that had prevail'd on you.
Anſ. Confuſion; whither wou'd the Sophiſt lead me:
Does ſhe not love? Do you not ſtand confeſs'd
A Perjur'd——
Aſp. *Lothario* is the Centre of my Bliſs,
My Care, my utmoſt Wiſh, my Joy, my Peace.
Loth. And thou art mine, witneſs ye ſacred Beings,
Guardians of ſpotleſs Truth, and Faith inviolate,
Behold a breaking Heart, a dying Lover
Bleeds at your Altars——Give me thy Hand, *Aſpatia*,
Take——take her, Sir,—— yet hold——one parting Kiſs,
Oh! Taſte of Joys immortal——pardon *Anſelmo*,
'Tis thus I bid adieu to Life and Love,
Both which I part with to my deareſt Freind.
Aſp. to *Loth.* { Thou canſt not mean this cruel and unkind,
I feel my female Fears, my Coward Heart
Trembles and dares not ſtand this horrid ſhock.
Loth. Eternal Happineſs and Joy ſurround you,
Prythee be very tender of thy Love,
That ſweet Content may bleſs your peaceful Hours,
So if *Lotharios* Stars had ſhined auſpicious,
Shou'd he have paſs'd a Life of Love like you,
And mayeſt thou, ſweet *Aſpatia*, never want,
The Bleſſings, thou alone canſt give *Anſelmo*.
Aſp. I muſt for ever want 'em, oh! farewel
To Joy, to Peace, to Happineſs and Love.
Anſ. You mock me with a Miſtreſs and a Friend,
And both are falſe as Hell, you give her Hand
And hold her Heart in Adamantine Chains.
Loth. When Time and Marriage Rites have fix'd your Worth,
Deep in her Mind, ſhe muſt be yours entirely,
You'll wean her from her Cares with ſoft Indulgence,
Repeat your Vows, as on the Marriage Day,

Never

Never forget the Lover, in the Husband,
Then ſhe muſt loſe *Lotharia*, in *Anſelmo*,
And that I may not keep this Fire alive,
I'll tear the hated Object from your Eyes. [*is going.*

Aſp. Oh! Cruel take *Aſpatia*'s parting Soul. [*ſhe faints.*

Loth. Oh! Heaven ſhe faints beneath her heavy Grief,
My Soul is with her, help me, Sir, to raiſe her,
Pity the poor *Aſpatia* ſee her Sorrows.

Aſp. Rigid *Anſelmo*, too relentleſs Friend,
Inexorable, quit my guilty Hand;
And give me back, oh give me to *Lotharia*.
[*He quits her Hand and ſhe runs to* Loth.
Yes I'll be his, for ever, only his,
Or thus I'll kneel, and weep my Life away.

Anſ. [How aukardly thou playſt the Hipocrite,
to Loth. [Come 'tis too much, *Lotharia*,

Loth. Too much indeed, and Hipocrite's a Name,
You once had bluſh'd to think your Friend deſerv'd.

Anſ. No more, Sir, take that fatal Beauty back,
And if you can return and juſtifie
This horrid Fact, I'll wait you and till then,
Stifle my juſt Reſentment;—Oh my Heart.
[*Exeunt* Loth. *and* Aſp.

Anſ. alone] How have my Crimes incens'd the Powers Supreme.
To wound my Soul in it's moſt tender Parts,
My Miſtreſs and my Friend, thoughtleſs *Anſelmo*
Neither deſerv'd thy Love; the fickle Maid,
I can forgive, for Woman is Deceit,
And their falſe Hearts, receive each new Impreſſion,
As the ſoft Wax the Seal; their frailer Vows
Blown to and fro obedient to each Breath,
Of empty Air, light as the Down of Thiſtles,

And

And yet *Aſpatia*'s form'd of purer Clay;
At leaſt I thought her Mind more Elegant;
Lothario too had ſinewy Virtue once;
At leaſt ſo I believ'd; but he's a Traitor,
Has broke the ſtrongeſt Ties of Faith and Friendſhip.

Enter Lothario.

Well, Sir, have you beſtow'd your Charge.

Loth. The fair *Aſpatia* delug'd in her Tears,
Has beg'd a ſhort Reprieve for a few Hours,
E'er ſhe reſigns her Freedom, with her Hand.

Anſ. Why this falſe Show of Honour, this Diſguiſe,
Why do you torture thus a Wretch you've wrong'd,
By counterfeiting what *Lothario* was?
Have you not then betray'd me, broke your Truſt,
And rob'd me of a Miſtreſs, and a Friend.

Loth. No, Sir, you rob your Friend by this Diſtruſt,
You wrong the Man who laid down more than Life,
When he gave up *Aſpatia* to your Arms,
The lovely Maid confeſs'd a mutual Flame,
This Conſcious let me ſay was the firſt Proof,
This fatal Paſſion only cou'd evince,
My Honour was ſuperior to my Love.

Anſ. Yes, when you'd baſely practis'd with her Virtue,
And talk'd your ſelf into her tender Heart,
You play this after Game, this poor mock Show;
Do you not love, did not your guilty Eyes
Mingle their fiery Beams with my *Aſpatia*'s,
When confident in your ſuperior Intereſt,
With treacherous Arts you triumph'd o'er her Soul,
Then bring your counterfeited Victim here,
And brave me with an empty Sacrifice.

Loth. By Heav'n, by all thoſe ſpotleſs Pow'rs that claim
The Conduct of our Paſſions, here I ſwear,

From

From the firſt Moment that this fatal Fire
Inflam'd my Heart, I vow'd my ſelf its Martyr,
I gave her to your Arms, my ſelf to Death,
Oh fatal hard Dilemma, I muſt die
Unleſs *Aſpatia*'s mine, nor can I live,
Live perjur'd by her Love, and wrong *Anſelmo*.

Anſ. What woud'ſt thou talk me from my juſt Reſentment,
Oh my reluctant Soul, that I ſhou'd live
To know *Lotharia*'s but a gloſſing Slave,
A Paraſite that crept into my Truſt,
And got him Credit purely to deceive:
Draw Villain, with thy Sword defend that Life,
Thy Words with ineffectual Vigour try'd.

Loth. And can thy Sword ſtab deeper after Villain,
Villain and Paraſite; oh be aſſur'd *Anſelmo*,
When firſt I heard thoſe Words, I held my Life
Of no Account, not worth the leaſt Defence,
Miſtaken Man——Fulfil the mighty Woe,
By this laſt Act, the Murther of thy Friend.

Anſ. Friend, thou perfidious Coward, I thy Friend,
No, from the common Jeal I'd chooſe a Ruffian
As rank a Knave as ever fell by Juſtice,
Then hug him to my Boſom, call him Friend,
He cou'd not prove a Traitor like *Lotharia*.

Loth. Wound me not thus with Words---your Sword's unſheath'd,
For oh I feel my burning Blood boils high,
And Reaſon flies before it.

Anſ. Thou lyeſt, thy Blood is all one Jey Cake,
An Ague ſhakes thy Limbs, and daſtard Fear
Diſarms thy trembling Hand.

Loth. [*draws*] Enough--be cancell'd all that worthy Hoard
Of Honour, antient League, and friendly Bonds,
Take back thy Traitor, Villain, Paraſite.

[*They fight,* Anſelmo *is diſarm'd.*

Anſ.

Anſ. Hah, feeble Arm;
Curſe on my cloudy Fate, *Lothario* lives,
He lives, and Conquers both in Love and War.

Loth. There, Sir, receive your Sword, and uſe it now,
Now you're convinc'd my Courage is not falſe,
I'll prove my Friendſhip true, if you can hear,
And like a Man temper impetuous Heat.

Anſ. There's ſomething —— ſo forgiving and ſo kind,
So Godlike in thee, if thou doſt prove true,
I ſhall run mad with Horror to reflect
How I have us'd thee; wou't thou then forgive me.

Loth. All, all will I forgive; and tho' the Light
Be not ſo dear to me as thy *Aſpatia*,
I will reſtore her to your longing Arms;
Provide a Prieſt, and when the Evening's Dusk
With his grey Mantle folds the dewy Air,
Beneath yon Convent's Walls you ſhall receive her;
Yes, ſhe will keep her Vow, and give her Hand,
Her Heart perhaps may follow:
Me ſhe'll forget when I am mix'd with Earth,
And the cold Grave has bury'd all Diſtinction.

Anſ. Oh my *Lothario* I now I know thee all,
Blind 'till this Moment to thy Countleſs Worth;
Capacious is thy Mind, unlimited,
Great, generous; a Spark of Heav'nly Heat
Strikes thro' my Soul, and warns me to be Juſt,
Juſt to the ſacred Friendſhip which I owe;
Take back th' ador'd *Aſpatia*, thee ſhe loves,
Me ſhe abhors; I am her laſt Averſion,
And thou her lovely Pride, her ſofteſt Wiſh.

Loth. No more of that fix'd as the Law supreme
Is my Resolve, *Aspatia* shall be yours,
Without a Rival yours; spare, spare your Thanks;

'Tis Friendship all, 'tis rigid Honour's due,
And I must be most Cruel to be True.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

Enter Lothario *and* Aſpatia.

Aſp. YOur rigid Honour like a burning Torch
Preys on it ſelf, with ſelf conſuming Fires
You waſte, they light you downwards to the Grave;
Already your pale Cheeks, your languid Eyes,
Confeſs the civil Strife that reigns within;
Shake off my Lord this inauſpicious Wretch,
Think on me as a Creature doom'd by Heav'n
To blaſt your growing Peace, your evil Genius;
Reflect on that Serenity of Mind,
That Harmony of Thought, thoſe mutual Joys
That flow'd from Souls united, bleſs'd in all
Fortune or Friendſhip cou'd on Man beſtow,
Then think on me, think on the fatal Storm
That daſh'd on Rocks, and Shipwreck'd all at Once;
Yes, leave me Sir, to my abandon'd Fate;
Tear, tear me from your Boſom, your *Aſpatia*,
Wide as the diſtant Winds and Seas can bear you,
Fly this Diſturber of your ſweet Repoſe.

Loth. Accuſe thy partial Fate, unhappy Maid,
That form'd thy tender Heart to hear my Vows,
And taught it to be ſenſible of Love;
Indulge me yet a little in my Ruin,
Ah ſuffer me to look my Life away,
While proſtrate at thy Feet I tell my Love,
And let my laſteſt Accent ſigh *Aſpatia*;

But hark *Anſelmo* calls, my injur'd Friend,
Demands thee all, and we muſt part, my Love,
I have thy Word, thy Faith to be *Anſelmo*'s,
Yes thou bright Excellence let ardent Virtue,
By this unequal'd Force of generous Love,
Inroll thee with the Stars.

Aſp. Yes I will ſave *Lotharto*,
At leaſt I'll ſtruggle with heroic Energy,
To conquer all this Tenderneſs of Soul,
Stifle my riſing Sighs, and choak my Tears,
Till my ſwell'd Heart-ſtrings burſt, and ſcalding Rain
Burns this frail Beauty up.

Loth. Diſtreſsful Nature ſtarts with Horror back,
And ſhuns the dreadful Conflict, no *Aſpaſia*,
I will not dare to ask thee too be miſerable,
Live in thy Virgin Innocence ſecure,
But oh! forget, raze from thy Memory
If thou wou'dſt court ſweet Peace, my fatal Name,
For that muſt live the Scorn of vulgar Tongues,
A Villain that betray'd his Friend, that rob'd him
Of all that he held dear!
Let not Reflection bring me to thy Thought,
Leaſt thou contemn my Aſhes, let all be loſt,
As if recorded in the Sand or Flood,
Farewel, may ſofteſt Peace, and living Joys
Wait on you here, till Time be ſwallow'd up,
In never dying Bliſs.

Aſp.——Stay, ſtay, *Lotharto*,
Tho' Nature Shrinks, and ſhuns the fiery Combat,
Yet I will fall thy Martyr, yes my Soul,
Touch'd with magnetic Virtue owns the Sympathy,
And dares not ſuffer thee to be unjuſt,
My Hand ſhall be *Anſelmo*'s, and while Life,
While feeble Life ſupports the Loſs of thee,
Thy Friend ſhall bind me his, in Marriage Chains,

This

This Evening ſhall conclude it, lead me forth,
Yes let us then in ſolemn Silence part,
Without one Word to raiſe the glowing Embers
No not a Whiſper, with a ſable Veil,
I'll hide theſe Eyes, while you perform your Vow,
And give me to *Anſelmo*.

Loth. Words will but wrong what nothing can expreſs,
Health giving Maid, Cure to my wounded Soul;
At what a mighty Price I ſave my Faith,
Oh! dear bought Friendſhip——
Angelic Forms dreſs'd in Empyreal Light,
When they deſcend to Mortals ſo they talk,
So look, ſo charm the Senſes into Tranſport,
But oh! the Heavenly Viſion diſappears,
And all is dark again; yes I muſt loſe thee,
Loſe thee for ever——no——my Soul ſhall quit
This Earthly Clog, then will I ſwift aſcend,
And work a Starry Crown for my *Aſpatia*,
Expect thee there, there in thoſe Realms of Light,
Where thou and I, and my *Anſelmo's* Soul
Refin'd from Droſs and Viſionary Honour,
Shall all enjoy Eternity of Friendſhip.——

Aſp. Alaſs the working Paſſion hurts thy Mind,
Retire, compoſe thy ſelf, all will be well.——

[*Exeunt. Aſp. returns with* Jul.

Jul. Why this diſtracting Scene, wherefore appears,
This wild Confuſion, in the downy Breaſts
Of mutual Lovers, great *Lothario's* Heart,
Seems all diſtorted with Convulſive Pangs,
Intemperate Sorrow ſhakes thy tender Frame,
The Roſes leave thy Cheeks, a ſickly Pale,
Spreads o'er thy Face; oh! tell me dear, *Aſpatia*,
In Friendſhip's Name thy Grief.

Aſp.——Friendſhip, accurſed Word,
Bane of my Peace, and Source of all my Tears,

No

No Parents Curſe disjoins our meeting Hands,
No former Oath of plighted Love divides us,
No distant Lands, or Seas, or Rocks between,
No jealous Pangs disturb us; jealous Honour,
Parts us as far as Seas or Winds can drive,
And we shall never meet, unequal Fate,
This Night he gives me to his dying Friend,
And I am sworn t'obey him veil'd and silent,
That neither Language of the Heart or Eyes,
May raise the burning Embers, have I Cause
To weep and Sigh——yes everlasting Cause——

Jul. Ah how perverse is thy sad Fate and mine,
I die for this *Anſelmo*, whom your Soul,
Meets with the utmost Horror, the soft Heart,
With macerating Fire consumes me still,
And tho' he basely broke his solemn Contract,
For which my Brother vows him constant Hate,
And still pursues him with his vengeful Sword,
Yet I still love the Traitor, oh, *Alfonſo*,
Forgive me that till now I blush'd to own,
That this slow Feaver hung about my Soul,
But 'tis a fatal Truth, we both are curs'd,
From the same Fountain both our Sorrows spring.

Alf. I thought till now this his unjust Disdain,
Had quite effac'd his Image in your Heart,
Unhappy, *Julia*, let us mourn our Sorrows,
And weep in Consort; yes there is Relief,
From mutual Tears, and Harmony in Grief. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sebaſtian *and his Friend.*

Seb. Triumphant in his Guilt he laughs at Vows,
Elate with Pride and boasts to scorn my Sword,

Who

Who wou'd not bear, shou'd never do a Wrong,
That Man betrays himself who'er defends
His Honour, when he dares to be a Villain:
Anselmo thus has wrong'd himself and me
By breaking his most solemn Vows to *Julia*,
But he shall do her Justice; yes, this Arm
Shall right my injur'd Name, or fall a Martyr,
A glorious Martyr in the Cause of Virtue.
Ant. This Morn I saw him pensive and alone,
Walking behind the Convent of St. *James*.
Seb. I'll search *Verona* round, he shall not long
Escape my Sword; meantime till I have Justice
A mighty Load lies heavy on my Soul,
As if I felt his Guilt, 'tis mine *Antonio*
Till my good Sword hath'd deep in purple Streams
Has wash'd the Stain away——Help me *Astrea*,
Support me Justice, 'tis thy sacred Cause,
Look down from Heav'n, give thy celestial Aid
To my weak Arm, and right an injur'd Maid. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lothario *leading in* Julia *veil'd at one Door, and* Anselmo *at the opposite.*

Loth. to Ans.] Receive as the last Proof, the living Seal
Of Faith unbroken, ev'n thy own *Aspatia*,
Imagine when the Soul and Body part,
What horrid Images distracting whirl
Round the sick Brain: All Nature's Frame is shook,
Or think upon a Wretch condemn'd to Fires
In Sight of Joys immortal: Think on me,
Inevitable Fate, or dire Despair
Besieg'd m' unguarded Soul; I might have held
Aspatia mine in firm Connubial Bonds,
But false to thee, I must have liv'd unworthy
Of this bright Gift of Heav'n, I chose to die,

Die

Die for you both, both equally deserve it;
Thus I shall rise victorious from the Grave!
Anf. There is no other Way to prove my Soul
Keeps equal Pace with thine: I quit my Right,
Receive *Lothario* back this fatal Gift,
'Tis I must die, eternal Fate has doom'd it;
Yet, yet my parting Soul shall mix with thine,
The general Lamp extinguish'd, shall in thee
Light up a brighter Flame, and live *Asparia's*.
Loth. Unalterable is my firm Decree,
Farewell, tho' I must rob you of a Friend,
Asparia will be yours; farewell for ever. [*Exit* Loth.
Anf. Thy trembling Hand *Asparia* still declares
The Terror of thy Mind: No, thou shalt live,
Live a long Life in Peace with thy *Lothario*,
That Godlike Youth merits the greatest Gift,
The greatest Bliss that Man can taste below;
Let me conduct thee quickly to *Lothario*;
Yes, you shall both be happy, 'tis resolv'd,
Howe'er the Gods dispose the lost *Anselmo*.

As they are going off, Enter Sebastian.

Seb. Stay Sir, return, one Word, there is a Debt,
A Debt of Honour due to me, and *Julia*,
Which thus you must Discharge. [*Draws.*
Anf. Tho' I disown your Claim, you shall be answer'd;
Come on Sir, bright *Asparia* be the Word.
Seb. *Asparia* is the fairest of her Sex,
And must disown a perjur'd Wretch like thee. [*They fight.*
Julia *interposing is wounded by* Anselmo *and falls.*
Ju. For Heaven, for Nature's Sake *Sebastian* hold,
Hold thou *Anselmo*, as you Mercy hope;
Alas the guilty Steel has pierc'd my Heart;
Yet 'tis some Pleasure that I die by thee,
By my *Anselmo's* Hand. [*They pause a while.*

Anf.

Anſ. ——Hah *Julia* hurt,
Accurſed hand, yes thou art born *Anſelmo*,
Foredoom'd to be the Death of all who Love thee;
Seb. Come, Sir, the dreadful Scene is yet not finiſh'd,
And *Julia*'s bleeding Image ſtrikes my Soul,
Redoubles Rage and Vengeance.
Anſ. Tho' I deſpiſe my Life, I will defend it,
To know why *Julia* took *Aſpatia*'s form;
Thou ſha't not be a Victor yet fond Youth.
[*They renew the Fight*, Anſelmo is *wounded and falls.*
Thou haſt thy Wiſh, I faint, my bleeding Heart
will Cure my wounded Soul.
Julia. Hear me *Anſelmo*, for my Spirits fail,
How I have lov'd thee let my Dying witneſs;
Aſpatia firſt ſpoke of your Rival Friend,
And the whole Progreſs of your fatal Loves,
She told me too ſhe muſt be offer'd up
This Evening Veil'd and ſilent by your Friend;
But I prevented all, and Veil'd appear'd
E'er the appointed hour to your *Lothario*,
Who led me, as he thought, his own *Aſpatia*,
And gave me to your Arms, nor did *Aſpatia*
Know the deceit. What my fond Heart cou'd Hope
From ſuch a Marriage muſt be vain——But Heaven
Has put a period to my Love and Life. [*Dyes.*
Anſ. Fate has determin'd, and I juſtly fall.
Seb. (*Kneeling by* Julia)
Ah! thou fair Flower torn from thy tender Stalk
In thy ſweet Bloom, She's gone, the Soul is fled,
Her Eyes, thoſe Chriſtal Orbs, have loſt their Fires,
And Death, cold Death ſeiz'd all her beauteous Limbs.

Thy hand *Sebaſtian* too is Crimſon'd o'er,
And bluſhes with a Siſters Blood,——Oh Heav'n
Accept my Vow, from this unhappy Hour

I'll leave the Guilty World, and in a Convent
Waſt all my future Life in Prayer and Penitence,
And waſh with Tears unfeign'd my ſullied Soul.
[*Exit* Seb.

Enter Lothario.

Loth. Why does the Soul thus cleave to hated Earth,
Has ſhe one Hope to aid her? Black Deſpair
Damps all her Native Heat, Obſcures her Light,
And all within is Chaos and Confuſion:
No, ſhe ſpeaks Peace no more; ſweet Peace is gone.
Anſ. Lothario ——— Oh, my Friend!
Loth. ——— Hah! what do theſe Eyes beho'd,
Anſelmo dying ——— Sweet *Aſpatia* dead ———
Here is a Scene of Guilt ——— of Blood and Guilt;
Heroic Maid, thou moſt Illuſtrious Youth,
Is this thy Bridal Bed? Are theſe the Joys
Of *Hymen?* Muſt we all be tortur'd thus
For loving to exceſs? Both Murther'd—Both
Oh! 'tis too much ye Powers, ye give me Strength
And Reaſon but to make me greatly wretched.
Anſ. Temper thy Grief *Lothario*, hear me ſpeak;
Hear thy expiring Friend ſpeak words of Joy,
Sweet Comfort to thy Soul.
[Lothario *Drawing his Sword.*
Loth. Yes I will Kneel and hear thee.
What didſt thou mention Comfort, here it is,
Yet have I ſtrength to ſhake the Burthen off;
Two ſuch Companions in my Death, 'tis Joy,
'Tis Tranſport, and I feel again Repoſe:
Thus then I come. [*As he would Riſe,* Anſ. *holds him.*
Anſ. Hold Sir, I beg you hold and hear me ſpeak,
Aſpatia lives, lives for her own *Lothario:*
There *Julia* lies, that *Julia* whom I wrong'd,

Slain

Slain by this Hand, juſt as ſhe interpos'd
Between *Sebaſtian*'s fatal Sword and mine.

Enter Aſpatia, Leonato, *Servants.*

Live, Live *Lothario*, thus that equal hand
That deals unerring Juſtice to his Creatures,
Commands thee by my fall; I faint, farewell. [*Dyes.*
Loth. Behold *Aſpatia*, ſee *Anſelmo* Dying,
He's gone, for ever gone; Oh my *Aſpatia*
[Loth. *ſtands in a fix'd Poſture.*
Aſp. Fate has determin'd for us, You have loſt
The juſt *Anſelmo*, I the faithful *Julia*;
Both merit Tears, and never dying Gratitude.
Leon. Remove the Bodies, 'tis a mournful ſight;
Sebaſtian with a bleeding Heart inform'd me
Of what here happen'd. Hence be warn'd my Children,
Of breaking Vows, and violating Truth.

Hence let the perjur'd Lover learn his Doom,
The hand of Juſtice tho' 'tis ſlow will come:
For tender Virgins Sighs thoſe Powers muſt move,
Who are like them, All Harmony *and* Love.

FINIS.

Alp. Fate has determin'd for us, You have lost
The just Adelmo, I the faithful Julia;
Both merit Tears, and never ceasing Gratitude.
Leon. Remove the Bodies. 'Tis a mournful Sight
Sufficient with a bleeding Heart inform'd me
Of what here happen'd. Hence be warn'd ye Children,
Of breach of Vows, and violating Troth.

Love in a Cheft,

A

FARCE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Cardinal *Cantelmi*,	Mr. *Croſs*.
Faſchinetti, an old Fellow in Love with *Thereſa*,	Mr. *Pinkethman*.
Carpegna in Love with *Caſſata*,	Mr. *Bullock*.
Dona Thereſa, the Cardinal's Niece,	Mrs. *Bicknell*.
Loviſa, *Carpegna*'s Wife,	Mrs. *Baker*.
Caſſata, Wife to *Faſchinetti*,	Mrs. *Saunders*.
Fantaſio, *Thereſa*'s Page,	Mr.

SCENE

SCENE I. ACT I.

SCENE Draws, and discovers Dona Theresa *on a Couch,* Fantasio *waiting.*

Ther. FAntasio!

Fant. Madam?

Ther. The Tablets;

And then, then only when we Love; we Live: Life without Love wou'd be a perfect Winters Journey, dull and dirty, 'tis the Serum of the Blood, the Vehicle that Circulates the Spirits; Love Burnishes our Wit, Polishes our Manners, Relishes our Converse, Sweetens our Cares, and Regulates our other Passions; 'tis the Parent of our Honour, and Nurse of our Pride.——Ah *Sebastian* how insipid wou'd Life be without thee! *Fantasio*, where's the Cardinal?

Fant. Just now I saw him walking toward the Orange Grove with *Lovisa.* [*Exit.* Fant.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. Once more I've snatch'd a happy Moment to tell my *Theresa* I am only hers.

Ther. 'Tis hard that we are forc'd to steel a meeting thus, but Difficulty and Danger increase the Worth of the Prize; Love and Laurels are not to be Purchas'd without Blood and Danger.

Seb. Nor Merited.

Ther. How did you avoid my Uncle, I wonder you will hazard All——!

Seb. I saw your Scarlet Sin make towards the Orange Grove, I suppose he intends to Confess *Carpegna*'s Wife,

he

he ſeem'd warm in his Argument with her, and his Face outbluſh'd his Robes: I catch'd the welcome Minute, and flew to my *Thereſa*.

Ther. My Uncle, to give him his due, I believe would have all Women Chaſt, but thoſe whom he likes, and were it ſo I can tell you we ſhou'd have ſome Courtezans: And yet how Jealous is he of me, he watches me with the Zealous Induſtry of a fancyful Husband: As ſuſpicious of my Virtue as my old Lover *Faſchinetti*, that Goat; I hate him, he thinks his Age and Wealth give him the Privilege of a *Spaniſh Duena*. What ſhall we do? I know he will interrupt us in theſe few Minutes thou haſt Raviſh'd.

Seb. This impertinent Aſſiduity is certainly the Child of Jealouſy.

Ther. He loves me like his Money; for he wou'd never truſt me out of his ſight.

Seb. Nor can he uſe thee when thou art in it; If he had thee in his Poſſeſſion *Thereſa*, He cou'd only lock thee up in the ſecureſt place of the Houſe and look at thee.

Ther. He winds the Muſcles of his Apiſh Phyz into Fifty differing turns, and ſtirs up the two humid lamps that lye ſunk in their Sockets, to attempt a feeble blaze; but alas they twinkle only, give a faithleſs light.

Seb. He comes——a true Lover——as Conſtant as thy ſhadow.

Enter Faſchinetti.

Faſchi. I have been hunting your Ladyſhip all about; *Fantaſio* told me you had not been within ſince *Matins*—— but I know Pages will Lye——Od I was ſending a Hue and Cry after you for Felony upon my Heart.

Ther. Petty Larceny, *Sir*, 'tis not to the value of Tenpence.

Faſ. Ah

Faſ. Ah Rogue, well I love your Jokes, Od I love your Jibes; but tell me now, dear *Terry* tell me, Are not you the moſt beautiful Woman in *Italy*?

Seb. (*Clapping him on the Shoulder*)

——'Tis granted Sir; And are not you the moſt Impudent Old Scoundrel in the World ——

Faſ. Oh ho—— are you there Bully Rock,—— Why ſo tho' Prythee?

Seb. To make Love to the fineſt Woman: Are you qualified to bear Arms under *Venus* now —— Get thee thy Cradle ready thou Old Infant; thy ſecond Childhood's coming, buy a Nurſe thou Baby.

Faſ. Why what a furious hot young Dog this is? *(aſide.)* But pray Sir, if I am ſo old or ſo young as you ſay, Why are you, who do me the Honour to be my Rival, uneaſie? Am I not then to be truſted with a fair Lady? Ah Rogue.

Seb. Tho' my Miſtreſs is as ſafe with thee as with her Parrot, yet thou haſt the Birds quality of catching Words, talking after Folks, —— Hearkee ye old Polecat, If ever I find you again in this place, I'll ſtrip your ſhrivel'd Parchment over your Ears, and Gibbet you in a Warren.

Faſ. For a deſtroyer of the Game,—— Od I don't like his looks tho'; the Fellow has Miſchief in his Heart.

Seb. What injury has this Lady done you Sir, to merit your impudent Addreſſes, thou Impotent Fribler?

Faſ. Impotent! Look here, here are Muſcles, here are Sinews, here's a Leg as firm as Brawn, here's a Chine broad and ſappy, here's an Eye —— bright and wanton; here's a Complexion florid and full; Impotent: Ah, ah, take a little Steel Boy,—— Od thou art very ſpleenatic.

Seb. Thy Inſolence ought to be cur'd with Steel indeed, and I don't care if I am your Doctor.

Ther. For Heav'n ſake *Sebaſtian* be gone, this will produce I know not what: Let me ſee you again quickly, but no more in this ſhape, till I find means to lull that ſhaggy

Argus; Or the Cardinal will ſurpriſe us, and we ſhall be both undone. [*Exit* Seb.

Faſ. Is he gone——'tis well, I cou'd not have endur'd this much longer; the Fellow grew troubleſom.

Ther. The Philoſopher got the better of the Lover, or you had been Angry.

Faſ. Angry——Od, Madam I am angry; and I will be very angry: I'll meet him where he dares Sword and Piſtol.——Od I'll Complain to the Cardinal.

Ther. If you are for doing your ſelf Juſtice by Complaints to my Uncle, I'll complain too, I've ſome Intereſt there, I'll know why I am ſo continually perſecuted with your ridiculous Paſſion; I'll acquaint your Wife too with your ſawcy Pretenſions, ſhe ſhall know what a Vigorous old Fellow you're become; I fancy you may find in that Account buſineſs enough at home, without running Riot on your Neighbours.

Faſ. Forgive me, Dear *Terry* now forgive me; Mum's the Word: I'll ſay nothing, no not a ſyllable; but if you cou'd look upon a faithful Servant.

Ther. I Vow *Faſchinetti* I know not which becomes thee worſt, thy Love or thy Anger; but both together make miſerable work with thy old Carcaſs.

Faſ. Ah, if I had but crept into your Heart like that young happy Dog *Sebaſtian*; Od I believe *Thereſa* thou art one of the Nine Muſes, Lookee here, nay I'll read it. (*pulls out a Paper*) I proteſt you have a lucky manner in Poetry, theſe Verſes are under your own hand, let me ſee *To the agreeable* Strephon; You cou'd not mean me ſure, Aye it was *Sebaſtian*: Come I'll read 'em.

[Thereſa *ſnatches the Paper.*

Ther. What! have you had the Aſſurance to Rob my Toilet? I muſt tell you Sir, this is not to be born, and if any thing like this ever happens again, be aſſur'd thou ſha't ſuffer for thy inſolence.

Faſ.

Faſ. Suffer, od I ſuffer already All the Pains of a Deſpairing Lover: If your Heart is not all Cruſted round with cold hard Marble Pity me---Your Eyes have wounded, they alone can cure; Take all my Fortune, Run away from this old Rogue of a Cardinal, but run away with me, not with *Sebaſtian*- --Ah! *Terry*, *Terry*, how can you be ſo obdurate and ſo cold?

Ther. Thou art a pretty old Fellow, I'll tell my Uncle every Word, and have you turn'd out of the Pallace.

Faſ. I'll forſwear it every Word if you do; beſides I have a ſecret or two of his in keeping, which obliges him not to hear ill of me.

Ther. Ah, 'tis too true-----What ſhall I do, thou art the Plague of my Life. ——

Faſ. Put me to a better Uſe then, take me to your Arms, and let me be the Joy of it.

Ther. By this very forward Manner thou ſhou'dſt be ſprung originally from a Foggy Iſland North-weſt of *England.*

Faſ. Od I'll be Divorced from *Caſſata*, and Marry thee.

Ther. That indeed wou'd be the only Method I cou'd take to be compleatly reveng'd on thee.

Faſ Let me kiſs that dear pretty ſoft, ſweet, ſmooth, White Pudſey; Do *Terry*, do ——

Ther. Thou abominable, ſhrivell'd, Ugly, old Paralitical Monſter, begon, or I'll ſtab thee; I'll Bath a Dagger in thy Blood, and let out this unnatural heat that works you up into a Lover ——

Faſ. Hey, in your Altitudes *Terry*? Thou haſt a Paſſion for me I ſee, I move your Anger I find, tho' not your Love: Ah, I have made the warm Rogu'y Blood Circulate, how it riſes in her Face!----I ha' done *Terry*, I ha done. (*Exit* Ther.) Well I muſt take a happyer Moment, *The Falling out of Lovers is the Renewing of Love.* (Exit.)

SCENE *The Grove.*

Enter Cardinal *and* Loviſa.

Card. Thou ſha't Dreſs in Oriental Pearl, and Jewels of the firſt Water, thou ſha't eat in Gold, breath the richeſt Perfumes, thy Feet ſhall tread on Silk and Arras, thou ſha't be gently lull'd to Reſt with ſweeteſt ſofteſt Harmony, thy Eyes ſhall be Feaſted with the beſt ſtrokes of *Titian*, *Angelo* or *Rubens*, and for Variety, with Grotto's and Caſcades; thy Servants ſhall be as Silent and Obedient as the Grand Seignior's Mutes; in ſhort thou ſha't be *Alcmæna* and I *Jupiter*——

Lov. But will *Carpegna*, my Lord, take it well to be *Amphitrion*?

Card. His Horns, thou ſweeteſt Daughter of *Venus*, ſhall ſit eaſie on him, they ſhall be Gilt all over.

Lov. My Lord, he loves me to that Degree, he'll ne'er bear it with the leaſt patience.

Card. Then when he next Levys me I'll Poiſon him in a Diſh of Chocolet.

Lov. So; there's Murder and Adultery ſwallow'd at one Gulp. *(aſide.)*
Oh! my Lord, never think, I ſhou'd after ſuch an Act be for ever miſerable——

Card. Then let him live——Live my illuſtrious Cuckold: But when, when ſhall I be circled in thoſe ſnowy Arms, when taſte the ſweets that I ſo long have Courted?

Lov. To morrow *Carpegna* takes his Journey for *Rome*, then my Lord——But my dearer Honour——*Eleanora* yeſterday I ſaw at Maſs, had the brighteſt Crucifix ſet with little Diamond Stars, and in the midſt the fineſt Ruby.

Card. What do they ſay's the value?

Lov.

Lov. ——Four Hundred Ducats.

Card. Were I the Monarch of the *Eaſt*, thou ſhoud'ſt be Studded o'er with large and pointed Diamonds, thy Robes ſhou'd Beam upon the Gazing Mob, and Emulate thy Eyes; the Ladies ſhou'd run Mad with Envy, the Men with Love, while I in full poſſeſſion of this Treaſure wou'd Give and Receive Joys from thee, that alone ſhou'd be beyond that; *Ineſtimable.*

Lov. But as to this Crucifix, *Lopez* the Jeweller ſhew'd me one I thought as fine, and very near the Value of *Eleanora's.*

Card. Then purchaſe it, the bright *Iſoviſa* ſhall outſhine her, there are 500 Ducats: Adieu my Goddeſs, my *Alcmena*, to morrow Night ſhall give the World a ſecond *Hercules*,— (*aſide.*)

Lov. This Prieſt is a Compoſition of all the Evils that Satan ever yet infus'd into one Boſom: Pride, Revenge, Luſt, and Hypocriſie. Pride, indeed, is his predominant Vice, and 'tis with ſome difficulty he makes his pleaſure buckle to it: He is a hopeful hinge of the Church in troth.

Enter Carpegna.

Carp. Ah ha *Loviſa*, well, I met your Holy Lover; Am I to be a Cuckold, or how?

Lov. Not with that Lump of iniquity I promiſe thee *Carpegna*; He lies ſo open to be Jilted 'twou'd be pity a Woman ſhou'd make any other uſe of him; he has promis'd himſelf vaſt Happineſs to morrow: I told him you were to go to *Rome*——Look'ee I have taken earneſt, this is to purchaſe a few Jewels. [*Shows the Purſe, and he takes it.*

Carp. ---A very pretty Choir of Church Muſick truly: Hearkl (*He ſhakes the Purſe*) why he bids high, one wou'd think he were Bribing to be Pope.

Lov.

Lov. Oh! he talks of nothing but treading of Silk, breathing Perfumes, I know not what, I am to be *Alcmana* and he *Jupiter.*

Carp. With all my Heart in good Faith, if he always deſcends in Show'rs of Gold.

Lov. And yet he's ſuch a Villain, ſhou'd a Woman conſent to his Embraces, he'd ſoon find her to be Mortal, and Poiſon her that ſhe might tell no Tales.

Carp. A Pox of the Pillars of the Popedom, if they are all made of ſuch ſtuff as this, I'll turn Heretic.

Lov. While I keep him at his due diſtance, I can twine him with a Hair, and lead his Divinity by the Noſe at pleaſure; I'll bleed him to the laſt Ducat, and thou ſha't Riſe *Carpegna*, as many a Great Man has, by thy Wife's Induſtry.

Carp. Then I'll Pocket up my Horns and my Sences, be Deaf, Dumb and Blind, and Reſign my ſelf into my Wife's keeping, as a Great Man ſhou'd do.——

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Thereſa.

THink a little *Thereſa* whither will this Paſſion hurry thee, thy Uncle the moment he hears *Sebaſtian* has been within theſe Walls turns thee out of 'em, or ſhuts thee up in a Nunnery for Life: And *Sebaſtian*, to ballance this Account, has a Sword and a Heart intirely at my Service: But his Fortune as well as his Miſtreſs muſt depend upon his Sword; and heaven knows both his Heart and his Sword may prove a brittle Security.

Enter

Enter Fant. *Conducting in* Sebaſtian *in the Habit of a Perfume Woman.*

Fant. Here's a Woman wou'd ſell your Ladyſhip ſome Perfumes or Eſſence —— [*Exit* Fant.

Seb. My Angel, my *Thereſa*, Behold what Shapes Love makes us put on; but Gods (or Poets feign) taught us poor Mortals firſt to intrigue in Counterfeited ſhapes.

Ther. They taught you too to Deceive, can you be falſe ; I know 'tis more difficult to retain one Heart than to Conquer a Thouſand, will you be Conſtant?

Seb. Make your own Conditions, let the Prieſt ſecure us.

Ther. He can only tye a knot which ſhall hold when your Inclinations are broke, that I don't deſire, let the Husband I ſay dye with the Lover ——

Seb. Be aſſur'd, my *Thereſa*, I will be both for Life. Heark! what Noiſe is that?

Ther. 'Tis *Faſchinetti*'s Cough, ſhall I never be rid of this *quotidian* Ague? Let us retire into this Cloſet, there we ſhall be undiſturb'd ; 'tis my Uncles Study, and he does not knot know I have a Key to it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Faſchinetti.

Where can ſhe be!----where has ſhe hid her ſelf! —— why ſhou'd ſhe hide her ſelf!---that ſtrong young Dog will carry her off----Od I ſweat at the thought----Oh you *Silvaen* Deities and Murmuring Streams, and Groves, and Brooks, and Woods, and Floods, and Gods, take pity on the poor deſpairing *Faſchinetti in-amorato*----I have ſearch'd every Creek, and Hole, and Corner, this is the laſt Room, ſure ſhe is not got into the Cardinal's Study---I'll peep however----Od there ſhe is and an old Woman with her----

that

that muſt be ſome Bawd they ſeem ſo buſie----As I live they Kiſs and Hug as if they wou'd grow together---- By his Holineſſes Toe----ſhe has pull'd off his Headcloaths and 'tis a Fellow, a brisk young Fellow; Od I think 'tis *Sebaſtian*---very well---very well----*O Tempora, o Mores*--- I'll make a Merit of a Secret however as a Polititian ſhou'd----but I dare truſt 'em together no longer.

[*He treads hard, and knocks at the Door.*

Enter Thereſa *and* Sebaſtian *in Diſguiſe.*

Ther. Well Sir, am I always to be diſturb'd?

Faſch. No----No Diſturbance *Terry:* What have you been purchaſing ſome Eſſence?----let me ſee Woman, let me ſee.

Ther. Let the Woman go, you'll not buy any thing I know.

Faſ. (*Surveying him*) Od but I will---a clever ſort of a well made, Airy, Genteel ſort of a Creature----What ſhall I give for this Bottle of Orange Flower? (*He endeavours to peep in* Sebaſtian's *Face, and he hides it.*) Give? Od I'll give thee a Kiſs. [*Pulls open his Hoods and Kiſſes him, and* Sebaſtian *trips up his Heels and runs out.*

Ther. If he has diſcover'd him I am undone.

Faſ. ---She Wreſtles well---a Murrain on her for a broad back'd Jade----Od this Perfume Woman of yours is a termagant: What only for a Kiſs an impudent Sow;----She wou'd not have deny'd you ſuch a Favour.

Ther. What do you mean Sir?

Faſ. Mean? Why I mean I am not ſo old, my ſight is not ſo bad but I know a Hawk from a Handſaw, and a young Cavalier from an old Perfume Woman.

Ther. Well, I declare *I* knew nothing of it, he came in that Habit without my Conſent or Privity; but *I* have forbid him my ſight for ever for his rudeneſs. *Faſ.*

Faſ. You knew nothing of his coming, and went by Chance into the moſt *private* part of the Houſe——And having no particular buſineſs with a Perfume Woman, you Lock'd your ſelf and her carefully up together,—— And being very Angry with him for his Rudeneſs, you Kiſs'd him as if your Lips were Glew'd to his: I ſaw 'em join'd three Minutes at leaſt —— Ah *Terry*, *Terry*, thou art a faln Angel ————

Ther. Well Sir, you have me in your Power, my Reputation is in your hands and I muſt ſubmit.

Faſ. —Nay ——if thou wou't love me a little Tiny bit *Terry*, I will be as ſecret and as diligent as the moſt experienc'd Baud in *Italy*.

Ther. But if my Uncle knows I give you encouragement, I'm undone that way too.

Faſ. No, no; He ſhall never know it Give me thoſe five ſoft, white, pretty little Playfellows ———— let me Kiſs 'em ——

Ther. An Ugly Grey Badger, I loath him. (*aſide.*)

Faſ. I am hardly turn'd of Fifty, and Fifty is a very hail Age; I find my Blood Circulate as freely, and is as florid now as when I was but Twenty five: And as to the buſineſs of Love, the older I am, the more Conſtant I ſhall prove ——

For when crept into Aged Veins,
It ſlowly burns, and long remains. } *Sings.*

Ther. Well then, ſince you are ſo obliging *Faſchinetti* to ſave, when 'tis in your Power to deſtroy, I will admit you my Servant; but carry all things with Prudence: Let me ſee you in my Apartment this Evening; but you muſt not appear there as *Faſchinetti*: Contrive ſome way not ſo open nor dangerous to appear in as now you do—You ſee Lovers borrow Forms and Opportunities: Adieu.

(*aſide*) I hope I ſhall find ſome way or other to Revenge my ſelf, and Puniſh his Inſolence. [*Exit.*

Faſ. Conſider a little *Faſchinetti*, let me ſee, To make ſure work, I will firſt diſcover this *Sebaſtian* and his intrigue with *Thereſa* to the Cardinal, ſo I ſhall increaſe my Credit with him for a good Spy, and get my Rival bolted out; beſides, my Perſon is not ſafe while that interloping Raſcal appears - —— Od I am a happy Dog —— But how ſhall I appear, in what ſhape —— Od I'll be a Perfume Woman too, that's a ſhape I know ſhe likes —— I'll endeavour to be as Jolly, as frolic, and as young as *Sebaſtian*. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE Thereſa's *Apartment.*

Enter Thereſa.

Ther. THis old Baboon of mine *Faſchinetti*, may be properly ſaid to ſuffer Love; He is indeed Poſſeſs'd, he ſhou'd be Dieted and Blooded; but ſince I have undertaken to be his Doctreſs, I'll uſe a method as certain, tho' not ſo regular; I'll make him forſwear Caterwawling ——

Enter Faſchinetti *as a Perfume Woman.*

Faſ. Pleaſe your Ladyſhip to buy any Perfumes, Eſſences, Cream Waſhes, Powder, Complexion, White, or Red, Pomatums, Roſa ſolis, May Dew, Ratifia, Saffron, Citron, Cinamon, Lemon Waters, or cold Tea, Paſte for your Hands, or Pencils for your Brows. *Ther.*

Ther. (*Aſide.*) This dry-headed old Fool cou'd think of nothing but the Perfume Woman.

Faſ. Od this looks likes buſineſs, this is Intrigueing, Come Dear pretty Rogue, let me Raviſh one little Kiſs.

Ther. This violent Love *Faſchinetti* is too furious to hold; this Habit too methinks makes you look a little odd.

Faſ. Aye I am in Maſquerade —— Shall I Poiſon my Blouſe, hah —— Wou't thou be my Wife —— Od my Blood is on Fire; Come *Terry*, come, nay you promis'd ſo you did; Smile upon me—look a little Roguiſh now with thoſe lovely Black wanton ſparkling Eyes,—*Put on a little dimpling Smile* (Sings) Gad I'll Raviſh, 'tis impoſſible to hold any longer.

Enter Fantaſio.

Fant. Madam, the Cardinal is coming up the Back Stairs, and three Servants with him with Cudgels in their Hands, I heard him call the Perfume Woman Baud: He ſeem'd to be in a very great Rage.

Ther. I am Ruin'd, Loſt, Undone; What can I do with you, whither will you run, where ſhall I hide you?

Faſ. Pox on him for an unſeaſonable Viſitor as he is; Where will you put me, where can you ſtow me? Have you never a Clock Caſe, I cou'd creep into a China Jarr.

Ther. Here, here is very luckily an old Cheſt, creep into it, in, in, in a minute [*She Claps him into the Cheſt and Locks it.*

So there's *Reynard* in a Trap. *Fantaſio*—Call the Chairmen, I have him ſafe now, I'll ſend his Lady ſuch a Preſent —— Here, take this Cheſt and carry it to *Faſchinetti*'s Houſe, tell his Wife you were order'd by her Husband to leave that Cheſt of Goods there, that he is engag'd this Evening, and 'twill be late e're he comes home.

[*Exit. Chairmen.*

I am ſorry I did not order the Fellows to dip it in the Horſe-pond as they went along; but I believe he may have loſt his Fever by this time without Water.

[*She runs towards the Door.*

O! my Life, my Uncle is coming in good earneſt; What can be the meaning of his Viſit at this time! To my Toilet and my Prayer Book, I muſt face it with Religion a little as well as his Eminence ——.

Enter Cardinal.

Card. Thou young Hipocrite, how demure and innocent ſhe looks!

Ther. My Lord ——

Card. Thou Stain of my Blood, Scandal of my Houſe; thou Traitreſs to abuſe my Indulgence in this manner.

Ther. I am ſo much a Stranger to any Guilt, that, that,

Card. Was not *Sebaſtian* here with you at your own Apartment in the habit of a Perfume Woman — Anſwer me ——

Ther. Has that old Villain betray'd me? (*aſide.*)

Card. If your Guilt has not ſtopt your Utterance, Tongue-tide you, ſpeak.

Ther. Sir, I own that there was a, a,

Card. Abandon'd Wrerch have I not forbid you thinking of that Beggar *Sebaſtian*? Did I not lay my Sacred Commands upon you? But I'll wipe thee from my Blood, fling thee off as a rotten Branch to Deſpair and Infamy.

Ther. I own there was a Gentleman in the Habit of a Perfume Woman.

Card. I will this minute get *Sebaſtian*'s Throat cut, and have you Lock'd up in a Monaſtery.

Ther. My Lord, that Gentleman that came here diſguis'd in that Habit, ſince your Lordſhip forces me by this hard Accuſation to acquit my ſelf, was *Faſchinetti*; he has

has Infamouſly ſolicited me for ſome time; I bore it at firſt with Temper, believing it was only the Gaiety of his humour, till it broke out into all the licenſe of an ungovern'd Appetite: And I was forc'd ——

Card. Faſchinetti: This is a weak and ill tim'd Excuſe, 'twas *Faſchinetti* made this Diſcovery to me; becauſe you have found him cautious of your Conduct, you wou'd aſperſe him: This but Inflames your Charge, adds Fuel to the Fire.

Ther. If your Lordſhip wou'd with Patience hear me, The moment e'er you enter'd he was here in that very Habit; when as he was renewing his Suit, I pretended a ſuddain Fright in apprehenſion of your coming, and lock'd him up in the long Cheſt that uſed to hold your Robes, and ſent him home to his Wife, who I thought ought to be made acquainted with the ſecret: If you pleaſe to let me wait on you thither, I believe we may find him e'er he has Uncas'd.

Card. This has indeed an appearance, the face of Truth; If I do Convict him, I'll puniſh him to the extent of my Power.

Ther. (Aſide.) I have turn'd the Tables on him hitherto pretty ſucceſsfully, and I am reſolv'd to ſtick cloſe to my Text: If I eſcape now, my Conduct ſhall be my Guide for the future. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Faſchinetti's Houſe.*

—— *Enter* Carpegna *and* Caſſata.

Caſſ. Love in old Age is like Fire in wet Straw, it ſmothers and ſtinks, without giving either Light or Heat.

Carp. Madam, I Diſclaim all title to Antiquity this Twenty Years, my Food Digeſts, my Blood Circulates freely, and I have the uſe of *All* my Limbs perfectly well, and I can

can pay my Duty to a Fair Lady as briskly as the youngeſt of 'em: Put me upon my Tryal Madam.

Caſſ. I'm afraid you've a ſick Appetite *Carpegna*, you talk very voraciouſly, but if Meat were ſet before you, perhaps you wou'd not be able to touch a bit; a true Bully, brave in the Tavern, and baſhful in the Field.

Carp Liſt me, Madam, Liſt me.

Caſſ. I tell you you're too old for the Service.

Carp. Not like your old *Faſchinetti:* Let me, let me Do a little Duty for him.

Caſſ. If you're an old Soldier ſecure your Retreat, ſomebody Knocks.

Enter Chairman *with the Cheſt, and* Faſchinetti *in it.*

Chairman. Madam, we were order'd by Seignior *Faſchinetti* – to leave this Cheſt of Goods here, and he bad me tell you 'twill be late e'er he comes home this Evening.

Caſſ. So Sir, heres a Meſſage from my Husband, he will not be here ſome time; the Devil finds you wickedly inclin'd, and he will not be wanting on his part.

Carp. My Blood dances for Joy; thou ſha't feel it alive in my Lips my Dear *(Kiſſes her)* Ah thoſe Velvet Twins are as ſoft and warm as ——

Caſſ. As what?

Carp. As the Breath that divides 'em. Come my Dear *Caſſata* let us ſit here, and like two Turtles Coo and Bill.--

[*They ſit on the Cheſt.*

Faſ. *(Out of the Cheſt)* Hah! where am I ——at home, that's plain; Od I will ſee where this can end.

Caſſ. I have been ſick *Carpegna* theſe Ten Years.

Carp. What illneſs?

Caſſ. A Chronic Diſtemper, the Husband.

Carp. Here's the Remedy ——a Lover.

Caſſ.

Caſſ. That gives one only a little Eaſe for the preſent; I am Married to a Dead Palſey —— Well, I own I hate him, He is as diſagreeable as a Foggy Day in *June*.

Carp. As ugly as a Death's Head.

Caſſ. Always Cold, Moiſt and Muſty.

Carp. Like an old Wall againſt Wet Weather.

Faſ. (So, ſo, Drawing Pictures —Let 'em go on.)

Caſſ. Then as to his inſide, He is as miſchievous and revengeful as an old Monkey.

Carp. He is a Treacherous, Diſſembling, Paralitical,

Caſſ. ——Impotent Fumbling,

Carp. —— Cuckold.

Faſ. (Am I ſo, I wiſh my Horns were in your Guts)

Caſſ. Truth is he merits the Name extremely.

Carp. Gad and we'll uſe him according to his Deſerts: Come my little Dear, ſweet, ſoft, bluſhing Peach.

[*Kiſſes her, and Smacks.*

Carp. That unlucky Dog of a Prieſt who Tack'd you together,

Caſſ. If he does not Repent,

Carp. Ought to be Hang'd for his unnatural Mixture; 'twas ingrafting a ſweet, ſoft, mellow Plumb, on a Dry, Sapleſs, Wither'd, Sour Crab. [*They Kiſs again.*

Faſ. Fleſh and Blood can hold no longer, I'll, I'll, ſeparate you with a Vengeance. [*He burſts open the Cheſt and comes out.*

Corp. The Devil!
Caſſ. Ah! } [*They run to ſeveral Corners of the Stage.*

Faſ. Why, what, cou'd you find no other Feather-bed but me? ——Muſt I be your Pillow with a Pox? You ſeem ſupris'd my Virtuous *Jezabel!*—Why what an impudent Age do we live in! — My Antient Friend *Carpegna*, how have I deſerv'd ſo worthy a Character from you?—Both Dumb: Really but that I know you very well, I ſhou'd be apt to imagine you were aſham'd of this matter.

Carp.

Carp. You take this Buſineſs then to be juſt as it has appear'd to you, and that I was really making Love to your Wife?

Faſ. Poſitively ſo——or I miſapprehended you both damnably.

Carp. And you are ignorant likewiſe, that when we abus'd you, it was only done as a puniſhment for your Jealouſy.

Faſ. No, that was out of your abundant Goodneſs, Sauce to your intended Cuckoldom.

Carp. And you will perſuade us too, I ſuppoſe, that we knew nothing of your deſign in coming hither in this Cheſt.

Faſ. Nay, now you do go beyond me my dear Friend—My Deſign in coming hither——very good——Sir, you are a profligate Perſon, and I ſhall deal with you as far as the Law will carry it. As for you Minx, I will inſtantly, with this Penknife, ſpoil thoſe few tempting Features that are left; I'll Phyſic and Diet you ye Pamper'd Jade: I'll teach you to meditate Horns again for my Front.

[*He wou'd lay hold on her*, Carp. *interpoſes.*

Carp. Hold Sir, my Honour is concern'd to Vindicate that Lady; and ſince you are pleas'd to turn an innocent Frolic into rigid Earneſt, I'll take her into my Protection: You ſhall Recover her by Law too.

Faſ. Innocent Frolic: You were very frolickſom truly. Nay, if you have a mind for the Lady, I'll give you a Bill of Sale of her for a Ducat; but I'll have no returns hereafter: I'll not take my Apple again when you have ſcoop'd it.

Carp. If you're Uneaſie Sir, 'tis below Gentlemen to Bandy Words.

Faſ. So, according to Cuſtom, to make me amends, you invite me to have my Throat Cut; Sir, I will Parry you with a Judge.

Caſſ.

Caſſ. Methinks Husband that Dreſs of yours looks a little ſuſpitious too——What occaſion was there for that?

Faſ. Od in my Paſſion I quite forgot it, (*aſide.*) Why, I was willing to be Diſguis'd, and ſo put on theſe Cloaths: I had information of your wicked Deſigns, and laid Twenty Plots to catch you.

Enter Thereſa, *the* Cardinal *and* Loviſa.

Ther. Behold Sir, this Seducer of Youth, this Betrayer of Virgins, this falſe Accuſer, ſee him in the very Habit, which he pretended I Entertain'd a Gentleman to diſhonour my Family.

Faſ. Ah!——Dead——Undone——Ruin'd——

Card. This is Demonſtration: Why thou wicked old Varlet!

Ther. I pity your Condition Madam, being ſo good a Woman to have ſo bad a Husband——He ſolicited me in a Luſtful manner for ſome time, till this Evening I ſent him in this Cheſt to you, and have by this means acquitted my ſelf to my Uncle——

Faſ. You are a Vile Jilt; Od I don't think you Handſom now: I have no more inclination to you than to my Wife.

Ther. Vile Wretch to abuſe her as you do.

Faſ. Nay, nay, ſhe has not been wanting on her part neither.

Card. Come, Sir, what can you ſay to this Villainous Deſign you have had of diſhonouring my Family, not only by your falſe Accuſation of my Niece, but for attempting her Perſon too? If you had had an opportunity, I believe you had Raviſh'd her.

Caſſ. I'll acquit him of the laſt part of the Indictment: Raviſh! No, no.

Faſ. Say, Why what I can find by this matter is, that we are wicked all alike: And that Scarlet of yours I know hides as warm a piece of Fleſh as e'er a Buckskin in Rutting time. Witneſs *Loviſa* there, my Planter's Wife, my Cuckold-maker, that's ſome Comfort however.

Card. Sirrah, I'll have you in the Inquiſition, you're a Heretic.

Faſ. Why Heretic? If you had ſaid I was a Cully, and a Cuckold.

Card He that ſpeaks ill of any Pillar of the Church, ſpeaks ill of the Church; he that ſpeaks ill of the Church is an Enemy to her Diſcipline; He that is an Enemy to her Diſcipline, cannot be reconciled to her Doctrine; and whoever diſputes her Doctrine is an Heritic——therefore you are *quaſi Hereticus, Hereticus in Poſſe.*

Faſ. You're a Blockhead in *Eſſe* I'm ſure: Pox take ye all my Senſes are confounded between Jealouſy, Love, Anger and Deſpair.

Ther. What, not one Word for poor *Terry* now: *Put on a little Dimpling Smile.*

Faſ. Crocodile; Hyæna.

Card. Come your Wife tells me you have had ſome difference, be reconcil'd to her, and I forgive you; for I'm made up of Charity.

Faſ. Od I won't forgive her, a Cockatrice, to go about to Diſhonour my Family; there has not been a Cuckold of our Houſe ſince *Adam.* Not that I care this for her Perſon, for I can make Affidavit I have known no difference between her Fleſh and my own theſe Ten Years.

Carp. Well, a Jealous Husband is a perfect Dog in a Manger. Are not you aſham'd to lye every Night by ſo Fine a Woman, and talk ſo?

Faſ. We muſt lye in the ſame Bed together: She is like my Swanskin Waſtcoat, I ſhall catch Cold if I leave her off.

Card.

Card. If you don't forgive all that is paſs'd between *Carpegna* and your Wife, I'll Excommunicate you, and injoin a Penance for your Puniſhment.

Faſ. I care not if you do, I believe I ſhall Hang my ſelf: But 'tis very hard, that when you fat Prieſts are priviledg'd to be Wicked within the Pale of the Church, you ſhou'd Bellow over your Anathema's on us Secular Cuckolds ——

Card. Come in my Friends with me, He is untractable at preſent, but I ſhall find a way to bend him. [*Exeunt.*

Faſ. My Friend *Terry*, thou haſt heartily convinc'd me, that 'tis the moſt impertinent thing in the World for an old Fellow to make Love: 'Tis ſending a Challenge when a Man has loſt the uſe of his Limbs; 'tis the Green-ſickneſs of our ſecond Childhood; for as the old Bard luckyly ſays,

Love in Old Age no Uſe can have;
'Tis like a Sun-dyal in a Grave.

FINIS.

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